

The NEW TRAIL



North Campus 1951 (See page 1)

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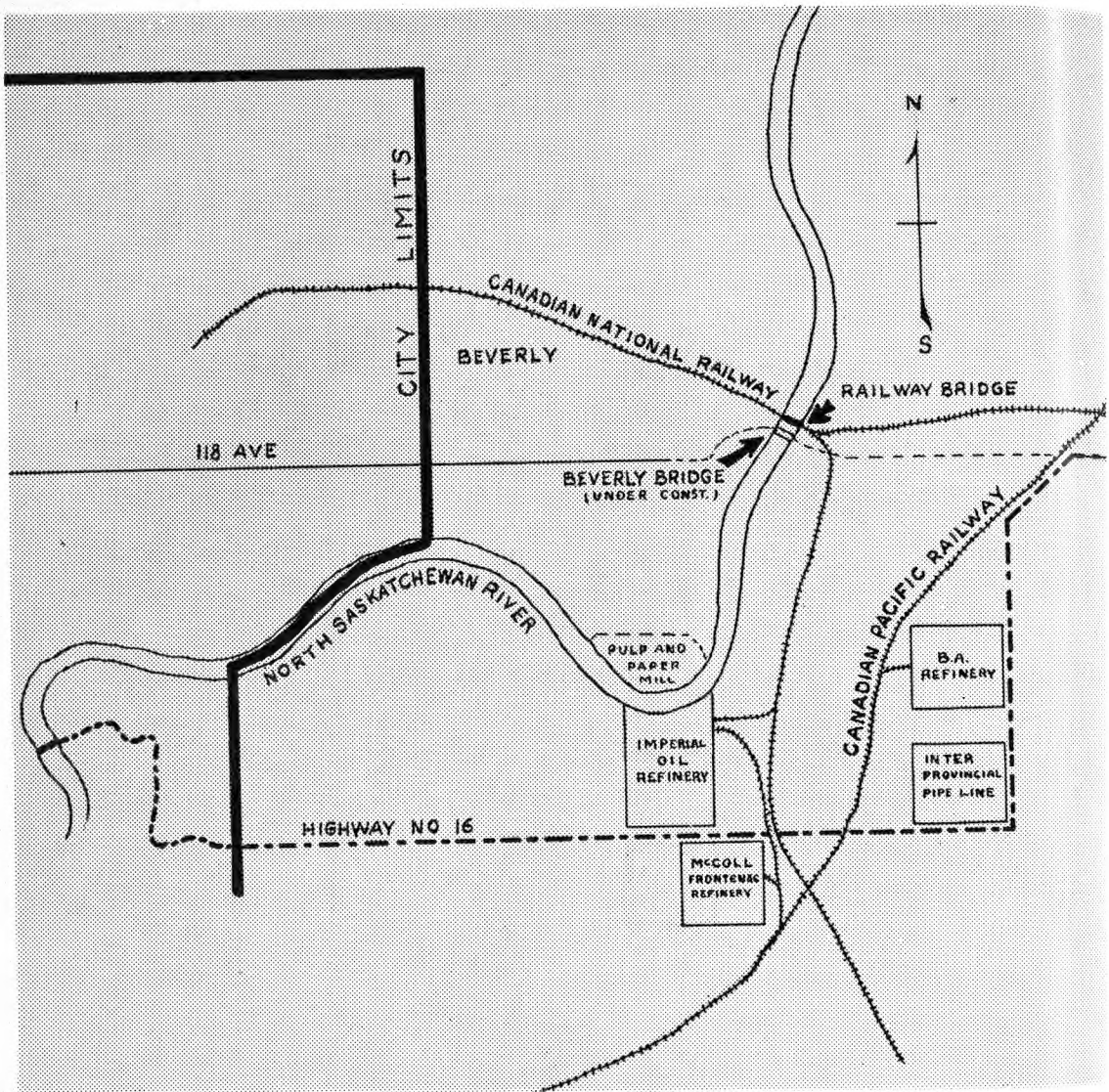
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New Chemical Plant to Spur Edmonton's Industrial Expansion



Edmonton's growing importance as an industrial centre, spurred by natural gas resources and oil development, is revealed in the drawing shown above. New interest has been created by the announcement of Celanese Corporation of America that it will construct a chemical plant here. The estimated cost is \$40,000,000. This plant will be just east of the Imperial Oil Limited refinery on Edmonton's eastern outskirts, on the south side of the river. Property for the chemical plant has been acquired. Under construction in the same general area are new refineries for British American Oil Co. Ltd., and McColl-Frontenac Oil Co., Ltd. A \$500,000 plant for Building Products Ltd. also was announced recently. Opposite Imperial's refinery, on the north side of the river, is the proposed location of a projected pulp and paper mill, estimated to cost more than \$10,000,000.

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The Edmonton Journal

ONE OF CANADA'S GREAT NEWSPAPERS

The New Trail

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and its Alumni Association

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Volume IX

Spring, 1951

Number 1

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The Editor's Page

As we sat in on an organization meeting of a new alumni club in Peace River, Alberta, not many weeks ago, and talked interminably about the old Alma Mater, until our hostess in despair pushed a dish of tea and a tempting piece of crumbly cake into our rather inadequate lap, we couldn't help thinking how correct Richard L. Evans was when he said recently,

Alumni never live down their school, and a school never lives down its alumni.

By the way, Richard Evans is president of the University of Utah Alumni Association and a member of that University's Board of Regents. Many readers of *The New Trail* have heard him on the coast to coast programme with the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and Organ, presented each Sunday by the Columbia Broadcasting System at 11:30 E.S.T. He is the writer, the producer and "the voice".

But to continue—we couldn't help but notice that every person at that meeting had the Alberta label on him in several places. Unmistakable! They were teachers, professional men, business men, housewives, musicians, and good cooks. For the latter category we can unequivocally vouch, but everyone knew and felt deeply that his most salient asset was his connection with the University of Alberta.

Strange to say, nobody asked the old shop-worn questions, "Why should we form another alumni branch? What good will it do? Why take on more responsibilities, economic and social, to add to our already too full daily programme?" No, we didn't have to bring up any heavy artillery. We didn't even get a chance to argue in favour. We should have liked to give them this opinion from the pen of T. Hawley Tapping, general secretary of the American Alumni Association:

An alumni club is largely inevitable and results from that great American desire to organize and promote. A club really has only three functions—to be of service to the individual alumnus by offering him social and professional contacts, happy friendships with folks who have with him a common denominator of understanding: to be of assistance to the University or rather to alma mater, in any one of numerous ways such as work in the Alumni Association, gifts and aggressive attention to its needs and to its public relations activities: and lastly to be of service to the community, acting as educated men and women should act for the advancement of education, higher cultural standings and unified support of worth-while civic matters.

Or we should have liked to quote to them Charles W. Cole, president of Amherst:

Alumni loyalty alone can preserve the freedom of American education.

We are inclined to think that that statement will bear some repeating, and we might have added this comment on it by Mr. Evans (mentioned above):

... if the statement of President Cole of Amherst is wholly or even partly true, it is

a side with which we must be critically concerned if the things that mean the most to most of us are to survive.

Of course, "education" alone won't do it. It will take strong moral fibre, personal character and courage and a proper appreciation of spiritual values. But it is still true that "man cannot be saved in ignorance"—and neither can freedom.

But besides these critical considerations, there are many more essential reasons why alumni should and must have a continuing and active and organized interest in their alma mater. The present has little meaning except in terms of the past and the future. Anything that is only for "right now" is all over "right now". Traditions, culture, countries, learning, life, are all integrally a part of something that has gone before and something that is yet to come.

No generation of students (or of citizens) is sufficient unto itself. A great school is what it is because of its past and because of its future—as well as because of its present. The pictures on the wall, the trophies in the case, the faces and photographs of old friends either are or will become time-mellowed traditions—or they aren't much of anything at all.

Now, perhaps you call yourself a "practical person" (we all do, Mr. Evans) and perhaps you won't want to pay a price in effort and activity or in legal tender merely for memories and trophies and traditions and for old friends and old faces. If this is your thinking, let's put it in another way—a "practical way"—especially for you. Let's put it like this: You carry a label with you for the rest of your life—but it doesn't matter how good your school *was*, if it is now declining and decrepit your "label" has less and less lustre.

Alumni never live down their school and a school never lives down its alumni. You and your alma mater are in this together—and letting her run downhill is simply permitting one of your priceless assets to depreciate.

We think that this is neatly put—not that *our* alma mater is running downhill—far from it. But such argument is good ammunition when we run up against the alumni who say, "Why should we?"

But as we stated before, we didn't get a chance to say any of all this to the Peace River alumni. They seemed to sense the profound truth of it all without having it repeated to them.

Not that we felt thwarted—alumnors are generally considered to be notorious talkers. On the contrary it was almost exhilarating to find alumni who sensed and accepted the truth of what we would have said if we had had a reason for saying it.

We wonder if all our alumni are like that. We wonder about all those hundreds of graduates in and around the bigish cities like Edmonton and Calgary. We wonder sometimes if these latter people, so busy with oil and real estate and houses and families and making money and social busy-ness are not allowing one of their "priceless assets to depreciate."

Well, anyway, it was a grand evening. We felt proud that we ourself bear the Alberta stamp, and we hope it *shows!*





Dr. A. G. McCalla '29 '30
Dean of Agriculture



Miss Maimie Simpson '22, '25 '30
Dean of Women

A System of Ethics by Edwin T. Mitchell

J. M. MACEachran

Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, University of Alberta

Professor Edwin T. Mitchell of the University of Texas has kindly presented me with a copy of his *System of Ethics* which has recently been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. As this publication is, in my judgment, the most systematic and thoroughgoing statement up to date of the philosophy known as *Meliorism* which presents a theoretical-practical approach to ethical and social problems, I have thought that a brief sketch of the career and philosophy of the author, who was a member of the first graduating class of the University of Alberta, might be of special interest to the readers of *The New Trail*. As Professor Mitchell has often spoken with appreciation of the student-professor relation which has continued to exist between himself and myself since his student days, I hope I may be pardoned for interjecting something of that relationship in the review which follows.

Professor Mitchell was born in Grey County, Ontario, in 1889. The family moved to the West in 1889 and travelled by wagon from Calgary to Edmonton one year ahead of the C. and E. Railroad. Six miles from the town of Edmonton, the father took up a homestead which, with its subsequent additions, still remains in the possession of the family. After passing the Public School Leaving Examinations at Belmont School, young Mitchell attended the Edmonton High School. The late Dr. John Ross, who became the second Deputy Minister of Education, was the first and then the only teacher. His influence as a teacher and later as a warm personal friend made a deep impression upon Mitchell and inspired him to adopt education as a professional career. After completing his teacher-training in Regina Normal School in 1904, he taught in rural schools for three years, during which time he studied by himself Latin and Greek for matriculation. He then entered Queen's University where he completed the courses of the first year. None of these were on philosophy, but, during the year, he read Dyde's *Translation of Plato's Theaetetus*, which he borrowed from a fellow-student: in this book he found his taste for philosophy.

Mitchell entered the University of Alberta in 1909 as a sophomore and graduated with the class of '12 with honors in philosophy. He remained an additional year acting as assistant in philosophy and taking graduate studies in philosophy and psychology. He received the degree of M.A. in the spring of 1913, presenting as a thesis, *Bergson's Theory of Memory*. As a result of the depression and the

To alumni of the University of Alberta who have graduated not too recently Dr. J. M. MacEachran needs no introduction. But for those who have received their parchments within the past five years and who will be interested in *A System of Ethics by Edwin T. Mitchell*, we might say that Dr. MacEachran was head of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Alberta from 1909 to 1945 and also provost from 1912 to 1945. Dr. MacEachran in his article tells all about one of our distinguished graduates, Professor Edwin T. Mitchell, '12.

loss of his savings, he was forced to give up his plans to enter Harvard. For the next seven years he devoted himself to the teaching profession, serving as Principal of the Macleod High School (1913-16), Principal of the Olds School (1916-18) and Inspector of Schools in the Chinook Inspectorate (1918-1920). He has never regretted the experience of these years. He married Decima Robinson in 1915. She received her M.Sc. degree from the University of Alberta in 1912, and, up till the time of her marriage, was assistant in the Department of Mathematics. To Mrs. Mitchell the *System of Ethics* is dedicated. There is one daughter, Joyce Margaret.

Looking back on the career of Mitchell in the University of Alberta, I remember him as a first-rank student in all subjects which, during the early years, I was expected, with becoming modesty, to profess—philosophy, psychology, education and history. He was always most painstaking and thorough in his work and I remember replying to an inquiry from the president of one of the larger American universities to the effect that “as a student Mitchell always completed his assignments in a manner, in matter and form, approximating perfection—even down to the handwriting.” I believe that my colleagues of those days who had Mitchell in their courses would agree that this was no exaggerated estimate of the quality of his studentship, and it is now specially interesting in view of his rather trenchant criticism, in his *System of Ethics* of “perfectionism” as a philosophical and literary ideal. I also remember Mitchell as one of the most conscientious members of the first House Committee whose reputedly rigid standards of discipline inspired the song, now, unfortunately, like the other original cheerful melodies of those days, no longer heard within the halls: “We’ll hang the House Committee by their little string of rules”.

In 1920 Mitchell entered the Graduate School of the University of Chicago. John Dewey, who had for several years headed the Departments of Philosophy and Education in that university, had left a strong impress upon the thinking of those departments. He, along with William James, had developed what seemed to their enthusiastic admirers and followers to be a brand new philosophy. James, however, termed it “A new name for some old ways of thinking” and called it *Pragmatism*. It had its origin in an article published by Charles Pierce in the *Popular Science Monthly* in 1878, entitled *How to Make Our Ideas Clear*. The method was a simple one: “Mr. Pierce, after pointing out that our beliefs are really rules for action, said that, to develop a thought’s meaning, we need only determine what conduct it is fitted to produce: that conduct is for us its sole significance.” (*Pragmatism*, p. 46.) Developed and expanded in the brilliant popular writings of James and in the humanistic psychology and logic of Dewey, this philosophy now aspired to represent the practical progressive spirit of the great American Nation.

When Mitchell entered the University of Chicago, Professor Tufts, a brilliant scholar and teacher who had formerly cooperated with Dewey on a textbook on ethics, made his own special contribution to the new movement. (Dewey had

some years before gone to Columbia.) Professor Mead, in his teachings in social psychology, also made notable contributions in extending its scope. Professor Mitchell who studied under both these men, however, writes me that, though he had a very high regard for his professors he was "inclined to hold aloof from the somewhat crusading spirit of the Chicago brand of pragmatism. I think," he continues, "your lectures on pragmatism converted me before I entered Chicago. Rightly or wrongly I had the impression that your own position had been strongly modified by James' pragmatism. That is, I thought that your philosophy might be labelled 'dynamic idealism' as opposed to the 'absolute idealism' then dominant."

Professor Mitchell's remarks in regard to the influence of my own teaching at first occasioned some surprise. In the first place, I had, in 1910, published a monograph on pragmatism which was termed by one of my German professors "a rather devastating criticism" of that philosophy. In the second place, I am afraid I had never realized that my own brand of philosophy could be cast in any definite form. I had often been asked by students to state in a few words my own views on certain ultimate problems, but, for reasons which are very obvious to any teacher of philosophy, I usually sought to circumvent the apparent interest of the student by asking him first to state his own views, which, even if expressed in a floundering way, at least formed the basis of an interesting and profitable discussion. As to my own personal views, I have never been able to regard any conclusions at which I may at any time have arrived as final and beyond the possibility of further criticism and remodelling. And even if I had succeeded in formulating ideas which I regarded as representing my own personal convictions, I should have hesitated to prescribe them as suitable nourishment for a budding thinker. This is because a statement of a philosophical point of view in a few words, however well chosen, is apt to be too easily accepted as authoritative on the one hand, or misinterpreted and misunderstood on the other; and, furthermore, one would always hesitate to expose one's most intimate and most cherished ideas to the danger of becoming commonplace and dreary through the constant repetition on the innumerable examination-papers and essays that one is under the necessity of reading during each session. Like Socrates, I have always been persuaded that it was the function of the teacher not to provide the student with a diet of ready made ideas but to tempt his taste along the lines of reading and thinking, which would encourage him to develop his own philosophy of life and thus in the critical and reconstructive activity of his own mind to find himself in the world about him. And so, if as a teacher I have in any way influenced the thinking and the career of Professor Mitchell, I would like to feel that it has been along these lines which are everywhere obvious in his *System of Ethics*.

Mitchell graduated with his Ph.D. in 1923. His thesis was: *Modern Theories of the Nature and Function of Ideas*. In the fall of the same year, he was appointed assistant professor of philosophy in the University of Texas and in 1934 he rose to the rank of professor. His work is now mainly teaching and research in the Graduate School. He served as secretary for three years of the Western

Division of the American Philosophical Association and in 1936 was appointed its president. His presidential address, delivered in 1937 was entitled *Social Ideals and the Law*. He was also instrumental in organizing the Southwestern Philosophical Conference in which he has held the main offices and presented almost annual papers. He has been a regular contributor to American philosophical publications, among which may be mentioned the article on *Logic* in the *National Encyclopedia*, published by Colliers, and an article on a *Cooperative Study on Values*, published by the Columbia Press in 1949. He has lectured in several American universities as visiting professor, exchange professor and summer-session lecturer. He lectured at one summer session in the University of British Columbia, and at three summer sessions in the University of Alberta.

The main motif that pervades the *System of Ethics* is the doctrine of *Meliorism*. This term is derived from the Latin "melior" meaning "better", the comparative of the Latin "bonus" meaning "good". There is no superlative "optimus" or "best" to serve as an absolute standard of judgment as idealists from Plato on have usually supposed. *Meliorism* is the general doctrine of *Pragmatism* applied to the theory of ethical and social values. All such values, it maintains, are purely relative. None are absolute. There are only "better" and "worse" and all such gradations are determined by their pragmatic or practical significance in the context of human experience as a whole. Professor Mitchell speaks with gratitude of the helpful cooperation of his philosophical colleague, Professor Brogan, now dean of the Graduate School in the University of Texas. Professor Brogan had taken the doctrine of *Meliorism*, popularly stated in James' *Pragmatism*, and subjected it to logical treatment. Following the assumption of Whitehead and Russell in their *Principia Mathematica* that relations are not mental constructions, as idealists had maintained, but genuine aspects of experience, i.e., realities in their own right, Brogan applied the method of the logic of relations to the problem of value, which he held to be basically a problem of relation. Thus "all the so-called value qualities, good and bad, right and wrong, beautiful and ugly, and the rest, can be logically analysed into, and defined by, the relation of betterness." (An excellent summary of Brogan's position is contained in the Proceedings of the Sixth International Congress of Philosophy, pp. 308-314).

While Professor Mitchell has followed the realistic method of logical analysis of Professor Brogan, his development and application of the principles involved are his own original contribution to the philosophy of *Meliorism*. This consists in his attempt to bring together Brogan's realistic analyses and Mead's behaviourism—an attempt in which he adds that he has not been "entirely uninfluenced by the original stratum of idealism" (*System* VIII-IX). Beginning, accordingly, with the logically unanalysable principle that the intrinsically good is "that whose existence is better than its non-existence" (p. 103), he defines ethics or moral philosophy as "the systematic investigation and discourse about the better and the worse in so far as they pertain to interactions between the self and society, man

and nature, or mind and the world order" and arrives at this conclusion: "There is one over-all test of the worth of a life, and that is: Does one's life leave the universe as a whole better than it would have been without that life? But, since the total value of the universe is hard to weigh in the scales, the practical measure is: Does the individual's life leave his sphere of activity better or worse than if he had never been born? Even that, one says, is hard to weigh. Quite so. Then let a person make his life so obviously worthy that there can be no question" (XIII).

The *System of Ethics* consists of two parts. The first part (330 pages) is entitled "A Theory of Ethics". The first four chapters are devoted to a discussion of the shortcomings of custom and tradition, the voice of conscience, the law of the land and religion. The fifth chapter deals with "What Mankind finds good", and arrives at the principle above stated: "The good is that whose existence is better than its non-existence"—the undefined term "better than" being "irreducible at the ethical level of discourse" (p. 103). The next three chapters deal respectively with "Meliorism and its Rivals", "Right and Wrong" and "Moral Method". Chapters IX to XIV are taken up with the application of the melioristic principle to certain important practical problems—Work and Leisure as Ethical Concepts, Social Justice and the Health of the Worker, The Ideal and the Real in Marriage and Home, Means and Ends in Labour Organizations, Freedom and Responsibility as Applied to Corporations and Patriotism and Humanity. Part II (212 pages) is devoted to an outline of the main ethical systems from the Sophists to Nietzsche.

The System of Ethics was designed to serve as a text-book for a course in elementary ethics. It will, however, I believe, be found very interesting and thought-provoking for the general reader in these days of confused thinking and militant ideologies. I feel certain that a glance at the clear compact statement of the method and conclusions contained in the introduction will tempt the reader to follow the argument wherever it leads. As a text-book, it is admirably adapted to the needs of teachers and students in ethics for the following reasons: it is written in a clear and fluid style, free from all unnecessary embellishments; each chapter is followed by a brief summary of the argument and conclusions reached, together with a number of well-chosen topics for discussion and a carefully selected bibliography; the historical treatment is well and accurately presented and is of special value on account of the numerous references throughout in the discussions of Part I; above all, the book represents a definite point of departure for the discussion of ethical and social problems and throughout offers many possibilities of criticism. It may thus be used by the instructor to great advantage in training the student in the art of philosophical criticism and reconstruction. Professor Mitchell is himself well aware of these possibilities. There are, he fully recognizes, "other pathways of thought" which "will serve to suggest criticism, or, perhaps, confirmation of the method developed in the text-book. Let the student study all of them and construct his own philosophy of life" (XVIII).

I regret that space makes it impossible to enter into a fuller discussion of Professor Mitchell's *Meliorism* and an attempt to evaluate it. I can only say at present that, while I believe that his doctrine of "betterness" is "good", I am still so old-fashioned as to feel that, in spite of my critical attitude to the *Absolute Idealism* of the eminent English philosopher, F. H. Bradley, which as a student he rightly surmised, the "pathway" of "dynamical idealism" which he attributes to his first teacher of philosophy is "better". This is because, like Socrates of old, I still believe that philosophy can never stop short of that persistent aspiration, characteristic of his Platonic followers, somehow or other to envisage "the best" as a principle immanent in and directive of the course of thought and world events.

If the editor can spare me the space, I shall be glad to state something of that point of view in a subsequent number of *The New Trail*.



The editor, on behalf of the alumni of the University of Alberta, is happy to offer congratulations to two of our number who have received promotions at our Alma Mater. Miss Maimie Simpson '22, '25 and '30, formerly associate professor of education, adviser to women students and warden of Pembina Hall, is still associate professor, warden of Pembina, but now she is to be addressed as the Dean of Women. Dr. A. G. McCalla '29 and '30, who has been for some time professor of plant science in the Faculty of Agriculture, has been named Dean of Agriculture.

Alumni everywhere will view with satisfaction the recognition accorded to these outstanding members of their ranks.

Congratulations are in order, too, to Professor F. M. Salter and to Dr. J. W. Macgregor. Professor Salter is the new head of the Department of English. Readers of *The New Trail* will be pleased to learn of the advancement of their own editor of "Whiskeyjack". Dr. Macgregor '26 and '30 will succeed Dr. J. J. Ower as head of the Department of Pathology. Dr. Ower will retire from this post next August. In addition, Dr. Macgregor will be provincial pathologist in the Provincial Laboratory of Public Health.



Have you sent your new address to the alumni office?

"I Have Loved England"

BY NANCY THOMPSON

When people ask me what was the high light of my visit to England, I am rather taken aback. How can I choose a "high light" from among all the multiple impressions of beauty and historic interest in the counties I visited—the high windy down of Sussex, its chalk cliffs, stony beaches, ancient castles and lovely wooded hills; the red soil and red sandstone cliffs of Devon; the stone cottages, black rocks and dashing seas of Cornwall; Lincolnshire, parts of it flatter than the flattest prairie; and Yorkshire with its high plateaus and windy moors? The variety of landscape within just a few miles, the astonishing number of hills, and the wide vistas seen from the heights of land were things for which I was somehow not prepared.

And yet, perhaps the greatest pleasure I found in England was to see and hear and experience things that were familiar to me, because of the English poets. But now I need not use my imagination; there before me was the land of the poets themselves; this is what they had meant.

About the woodlands I will go,
To see the cherry hung with snow.

We were too late for the cherry tree blossoms, but the may, the hawthorn, was in full bloom—hedges of it between pastureland and wheatlands; single trees in gardens and below the high crowns of hills; white masses of bloom in a valley leading to the water where we heard "the song of blossoms and the old chant of the sea."

At Watersmeet, in North Devon, between Lynton and Lynmouth, we stopped

. . . to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink,
Where the harebell grows and the gorse, and the foxgloves purple and white.

Then, when our coach party (on a sight-seeing bus trip) stopped in the Lorna Doone Country, looking down on the village of Oare and on the winding river far below, we heard

the noise of the lambs at play, and the dear wild cry of the birds.

I suppose everyone going to England would wish to hear three birds famous in song and story: the cuckoo, the lark, and the nightingale. On the very first morning of our sojourn, we heard at five o'clock the cuckoo's song. Its register was much lower than I had thought—almost as low as I could whistle in imitation of its sweet-toned "cuckoo, cuckoo." About the first week in June the cuckoo's song broke. "Cuck-cuck-a-doo" it called; and a few days later it was silent. I never saw a cuckoo close at hand.

Nancy Thompson, '44, is one of the instructors at the Correspondence Branch, Department of Education, Edmonton. We are happy to acknowledge permission to reprint from the Editor of the *Civil Service Bulletin*, Edmonton, in which Miss Thompson's article appeared in the March 1951 issue with the title **This Precious Stone Set in a Silver Sea**.

I remembered when I heard the skylark so often on our downland rambles that Sussex was Shelley's home county; he must have known them well as a child. But there are few places in the British Isles where the larks may not be heard. They seem to like the grassy open spaces. As we walked over the down to the cliff's edge and the sea, the larks sprang up from the valley below, rising with fluttering motion, sometimes keeping to one place as they beat their wings against a strong seaward breeze, poised like little helicopters, and singing their magical trilling song, the beauty of which is partly in its unendingness.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

I don't know why, but I had never realized that the saying "Up with the lark" meant the *skylark*, until a gardener told me so. These are the larks that, in Flanders, "still bravely singing fly, scarce heard amid the guns below." Perhaps, at first, one is just a little disappointed in its song; after hearing Galli Curci's "The Lark" one may be expecting a human, flute-like quality to its song, and of course it is not like that. At Carter's Bar, where we crossed the Border between England and Scotland, skylarks were singing. I told a fellow Canadian what they were, and she said, "Why it can't be; it isn't as pretty a song as our meadow lark's, in Western Canada." "At least it's more than six notes long though," I replied, as I followed the sound, straining to watch for the moment when the speck should disappear, and the sound would come floating down from "heaven's gate."

The nightingale's song was almost over when we arrived in England, but I enjoyed walking in an ancient wood called Abbotswood where I was told we might hear the nightingale. We had taken a local double-decker bus a few miles along a highroad leading to Eastbourne, and "alighted" as they say, where we could enter the forest.

Very old are the woods,
And the buds that break
Out of the briar's boughs
When the March winds wake,
So old with their beauty are . . .

The air was fragrant with honeysuckle this warm June night. We passed deeper and deeper into shadow, and the roar of traffic behind us was gone completely. I expected at any moment to come on fairies dancing in a ring. "Listen," my companion said. "He's beginning." We heard four long notes. Was I to hear the

. . . light-winged Dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singing of summer in full-throated ease?

"Darkling I listen." But no more sounds came except a sleepy twittering from a thrush or blackbird.

"When the nightingale sings, all the other birds seem to stop their songs to listen," my cousin said softly. We waited again. No more was heard, and we went home disappointed.

But next morning, in the blaze of noon, I walked through wide acres of bush-land; and this time, though I had no one to verify my opinion, I am sure I heard the nightingale—the four long sweet notes, and then all the varieties of syllables and sounds that the poets have tried to capture for us. Yes, there, unmistakably was the "jug-jug-jug" sound; and then marvelous whistlings and trills. The song was a little tentative, as if the nightingale were waiting for a reply. I crept closer and closer to the willow bush where the sound came from; and after a time a little insignificant brown bird flew away.

... the plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades.

"England's green and pleasant land" will be forever remembered; and so too will her seashore.

The sea is calm tonight—
... the cliffs of England stand
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
... you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand.
... now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.

This, to me, is Hastings, in Sussex. Padstow, a tiny fishing village in Cornwall from which we walked to see the full rush of the Atlantic, reminded me of snatches from "Crossing the Bar": "Sunset, and evening star"; and "such a tide as moving seems asleep," as we watched the creeping onward motion of the tide into that landlocked bay. And at Westward Ho, below the Kipling Cliffs,

Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow,
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray,

and here we heard "the league-long roller thundering on the reef."

There are many more things I want to see in England when I return—"London Snow" and "Bredon Hill"; Porlock, and Tintern Abbey; daffodils at Ullswater and skating on the English lakes; and perhaps best of all,

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Down the Mackenzie on the Sant'anna

BY BROTHER ANSBERT

From Fort Smith to Tuktoyaktuk on the mission boat, Sant'anna, two thousand miles of adventure in Canada's vast northlands, is an experience that can hardly be duplicated by any other tourist attraction on the continent. The lavishness of nature in the unbounded landscape, the breath-taking pageantry of the Arctic sky with a midnight sun, the sense of fellowship with people of another civilization, all tend to give the traveller that "away from it all" feeling that is so stimulating to the spirit.

Some years ago when passenger boats were still operating on the Mackenzie, a trip to the Arctic would have been a simple matter; but the passenger boats have ceased to operate, and the boats engaged in commercial transportation are not supposed to carry passengers. A happy solution was found to my problem when Bishop Trocellier of the Mackenzie Vicariate extended a kind invitation for me to accompany the Sant'anna, a supply-boat of the Oblate Missions, on its trip from Fort Smith on Great Slave Lake to Tuktoyaktuk on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

Fort McMurray, the end of steel, is the southern limit of the Mackenzie Vicariate. Here the mission supplies are loaded on boats and begin the long haul to the Arctic and all intermediate points. Down the Slave River to Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska and on to the head of the rapids at Fort Fitzgerald. Here the cargoes are transferred to trucks for a sixteen mile run past the rapids to Fort Smith. Fort Smith is the base of supplies for all the mission posts of the North, and it is from here that the Sant'anna begins its journey.

Fort Smith, situated just north of the Alberta boundary, is headquarters of the Mackenzie Vicariate. It comprises a property of about one hundred acres on which are located the mission buildings and a spacious vegetable garden. There is the residence of the missionaries, a three storey frame structure with accommodation for about fifteen persons; a hospital with about one hundred beds, the patients being mostly T.B. Indians; a large church; a school for boarders and day-pupils; stables for live stock; a large poultry-yard and a number of storehouses. A diesel plant supplies light and power for the group of buildings and they have their own disposal plant. The reason for the storehouses is that the supplies for all the missions from there to the Arctic are assembled at the Fort during the winter, and during the summer months they are distributed to the missions. The supply boats make three trips each year between mid-June and mid-

Brother Ansbert is lecturer in Christian Apologetics at St Joseph's College, University of Alberta. He plays a keen game of golf in between lectures and, as **Down the Mackenzie on the Sant'Anna** fully demonstrates, he is quite a seasoned traveller—the sort that takes along a fat notebook and a camera.

September. We left Fort Smith on the first trip of the year on the 23rd of June, pushing two barges loaded with about two hundred tons of supplies.

Our cargo consisted of building material, groceries, vegetables, canned goods of every description, dry-goods, hospital equipment and supplies, dog-sleighs and in fact, everything required to feed, clothe, house and nurse the hundreds of personnel of the various missions.

Our course lay directly north, down the Slave River for two hundred miles to Great Slave Lake. The country is flat and heavily wooded with spruce, poplar and a sprinkling of birch. The river winds endlessly, and at one place it makes a detour of fifteen miles to advance one mile toward the lake. Great Slave is shallow and long, and storms blow up quickly, which renders it particularly hazardous to navigation, especially to the flat-bottomed river boats with a draught of only four or five feet. When we reached the lake it was covered with white-caps, so we crept into shelter behind an island and waited four or five hours for it to calm down. Our destination was Fort Resolution, about fifteen miles west on the south shore. We finally ventured forth, and after an uneventful passage, reached the Fort, where we found the whole population of the mission assembled on the wharf to welcome us.

One extraordinary feature of the missions is the fact that they must do absolutely everything themselves. There is no skilled labor available anywhere north of Fort Smith; consequently the missionaries must depend on themselves for masons, carpenters, plumbers and steamfitters, electricians, painters and decor-

Sant'anna and crew: author to the right of chaplain



ators, engineers, captains, pilots and deck hands for their boats, hunters, fishermen and farmers. The lay-brothers do everything and most of them are experts in one or several of these trades. In Fort Resolution they had just completed a hospital as up-to-date as any city hospital, built entirely by the brothers, even to the extent of installing the X-ray and other scientific equipment.

One of the major annual tasks is to supply each mission with meat, fish, fodder for live stock and fuel for the furnaces. When the time comes, a number of the brothers go out, accompanied by the local game-warden, and bring in thirty, forty or fifty buffalo or reindeer, according to the size of the mission, butcher and cure the meat and store it for the winter. Or they go out to the nearest lake and bring in twenty, thirty or forty thousand fish for each mission. Sometimes they have to go one hundred or even two hundred miles for fish or game. At times their boats get caught in an early freeze-up, in which case they leave them and go back to the mission for dogs to haul home the catch. The labors and hardships involved in all this work are beyond description.

We left Fort Resolution Saturday evening, June 24th, at 8 o'clock. Our course lay across the south west corner of Great Slave Lake for a distance of 160 miles to the outlet of the Mackenzie River. This we reached about noon, Sunday, after a night of perfect calm—so calm and bright that at times we could see the formation of ice crystals on the surface. The winter ice had just gone out the week previous. On we went, down the Mackenzie till about five o'clock when we reached the next mission, Fort Providence. To describe one of these missions is to describe all; they vary only in size and in the fact that, besides the mission-house some have a school and a hospital, while others have only the one

Approaching Camsel Bend: the author and the chaplain, the Reverend Father Gillis, O.M.I.



or the other. Here they have no hospital and the missionary's residence is a two-storey frame structure built some sixty years ago with boards and timbers sawed by hand by the missionary priest and a lay-brother. All the schools and hospitals of the Vicariate are in charge of the Grey Nuns. Bishop Trocellier was expected to meet us at Fort Providence: so we delayed our departure till noon the following day. Time was pressing: so we finally gave up hope of meeting him and started on the next leg of our journey, a run of 175 miles down stream to Fort Simpson.

About halfway down, when I was comfortably ensconced for the night, I heard a commotion aboard and realized that the boat was landing. I knew that we had not yet covered the distance to Fort Simpson, so I hustled out to see what was afoot. There, on the right bank was a group of farm buildings in a well-kept clearing, and I found that we had landed to take on about one hundred bags of potatoes. I was amazed to find a prosperous vegetable farmer so far north and wondered how he disposed of his crop. The matter was soon explained by the presence on the shore of three or four scows which the farmer used to distribute his produce up and down the river. We reached Fort Simpson about seven o'clock next morning. Here again, we witnessed the usual set-up. There is a hospital with a staff of nine sisters, a day-school with two teachers, three missionary priests, and five lay-brothers. There is a light and power plant

(Left) the author in a quiet corner of the barge: (Right) the author in a parka



and everything is fairly modern around the mission. There is also an Anglican mission located at Fort Simpson, a Hudson Bay store, a North West "Mounty" barracks and a wireless station.

Having discharged the part of the cargo destined for Fort Simpson and paid a brief visit to the mission, we continued on our way, leaving at 10:00 that morning. Our course lay west-north-west for about seventy miles out of Fort Simpson until we reached Camsel Bend, where the river swings directly north. It is here that we first sighted the Rockies, and from here on the scenery is magnificent. The landscape is varied with mountain and valley, forest and waters grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty.

From Fort Smith northward the sunset glow of the midnight sky is quite noticeable at this season of the year, and as we approach the Arctic Circle it becomes brighter and brighter. Once past Camsel Bend the brilliant glow of sunset remained to greet the glorious effulgence of the morning until it merges into the longed-for phenomenon of the midnight sun. What a thrill is experienced the first night that a tiny crescent remains above the horizon! And then, night after night more and more remains visible until finally the great orb simply swings down to the horizon and again begins its course for a new day.

Meanwhile the clouds in the northern sky assume the most gorgeous and fantastic coloring, presenting a wonderful blending of all the colors of the spectrum. The whole heavens are ablaze with a beauty almost breath-taking. Then you turn your eyes to the mirror-like surface of the river, a mile or two in width and stretching ahead till it is lost on the horizon, and there you behold the whole vault of heaven perfectly reflected. One feels himself transported beyond the bounds of reality and imagines himself floating through the centre of a sphere of indescribable magnificence.

Our next stop was Fort Wrigley, about one hundred and fifty miles from Fort Simpson. Here there is only the mission church and one lone missionary. The first we hear of this mission is in 1881 when there were three hundred Indians here. In 1915 there were seventy-five, and today, between twenty and thirty. Famine and disease have done their work. Before long, an Indian will be as rare on the Fort Wrigley banks of the Mackenzie as on the shores of Manhattan. Almost opposite the mission is the legendary "Rocher qui trempe à l'eau," a conical rampart five hundred feet high, whose cracks and crevices seem to have been forming since the world began, and whose massive strength seems to say to the river, "Thus far, and no farther." As the missionary was absent, we discharged our cargo and proceeded on to Fort Norman, another hundred and fifty miles farther north.

Fort Norman is located at the mouth of the Great Bear River which drains the lake of that name into the Mackenzie. It is the centre from which the missionaries radiate to serve the Indians of the locality. There is neither school nor hospital here, only the church and missionaries' residence. The port is a bustling place owing to the trans-shipping of cargoes from the Great Bear area. After a

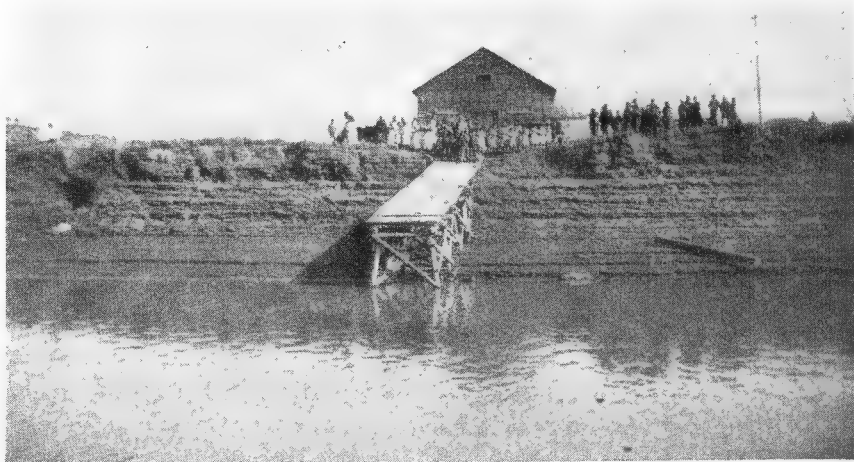
leisurely tour of the village we were treated to a fine showing of colored views of life among the Indians. Shortly after midnight we left for Normal Wells, another fifty miles farther north.

Norman Wells, as everyone knows, is the great oil centre of the North, and is situated on the east bank of the Mackenzie. Directly across the river is the great Canol project, started by the Americans during World War II. This is the starting point of the pipe line which they ran out across the Rockies and down to the Pacific, and which served such a useful purpose during the war. It is not in use at the present time as the pipe is too small for profitable operation, but a maintenance crew is constantly on duty. The vast refinery and numerous storage tanks cover several square miles and the oil is delivered through a number of supply pipes, down to the river to the tankers and barges, for transportation to the outside.

We left Normal Wells about five-thirty in the afternoon, our course lying due north, into the path of the declining sun. The broad expanse of the Mackenzie was as calm as crystal, which the brilliant rays of the setting sun turned into a sea of molten gold. I sat on deck for hours in an ecstasy of admiration of the dazzling scene which later acquired a fascinating border from the clear-cut reflection of the undulating spruce-capped shores.

At four o'clock next morning I was aroused and informed that we were about to pass through the "Ramparts." At this point the river narrows down to a width of about a quarter of a mile and cuts its way through a formation of rock, varying in height from one to four hundred feet. It is a spur of the Rockies that extends some miles to the east where it flattens out and loses itself in the tundras. The walls of the ramparts are formations of perpendicular rock, which in some places

Aklavik, showing landing, mission store-house and some of the personnel



assume the form of citadels or cathedral towers. Here and there a tiny stream shoots over the crest and is reduced to spray before it reaches the river. The gap is about five miles in length, and once past it, the river expands to its normal width. Our next port of call was the mission of Fort Good Hope, which we reached at five-thirty that evening.

Good Hope is situated on the west bank two or three miles south of the Arctic Circle. It is perched on an elevation some seventy-five feet above the river and consists of the mission church and residence, the Hudson Bay store, the barracks of the "Mounties" and a cluster of Indian huts. The church was built in 1860 of logs and timbers cut by hand by the missionaries. It is in perfect state of repair and the interior is entirely covered with beautiful works of art, executed by various priests and brothers, down through the decades. Two priests and three brothers make up the personnel of the mission, and among other items of interest I was surprised to find a thriving vegetable garden. We weighed anchor at nine that night, happy in the thought that we were at last in the land of the midnight sun. Next morning we reached Arctic Red River, some hundred and fifty miles north of the Circle.

Arctic Red is just another Indian village, situated on an elevation of about one hundred and fifty feet. There is neither school nor hospital here, only a church and a priests' residence. The church is a frame structure which was built in 1896. It is well kept and furnishes ample accommodation for the small congregation. The personnel of the mission consists of one priest and one brother. We delayed only long enough to discharge our cargo, and by nine a.m. we were on our way to Aklavik, our last port of call before reaching the Arctic Ocean.

At eleven fifteen we reached the southern boundary of the Mackenzie delta, known as Separation Point. Here the great river splits up into various branches, the outer ones receding continually till at the Arctic they are seventy miles apart. We followed the western branch till about one p.m., when we turned left into the Peel River which enters from the north at this place. We were bucking the current from here on till we reached Aklavik at nine-fifteen that night.

Aklavik is the most important mission north of Fort Smith. There is a boarding school, a hospital, the church and residence, with a personnel of missionaries, brothers and sisters of over twenty. There is also a large Anglican mission, likewise consisting of a hospital, school and church with an adequate staff of missionaries, nurses and teachers. The population is made up of Indians and Esquimaux, in about equal numbers: they find plenty of employment during navigation season with the Hudson Bay boats and those of the Northern Transport.

I have referred to the fact that vegetables are grown successfully at various places along the Mackenzie. I was greatly surprised when I discovered a thriving garden at Fort Good Hope on the Arctic Circle, but I was simply amazed when I was shown the mission garden at Aklavik. At this latitude the ground thaws to a depth of about a foot; nevertheless the mission has a large garden of potatoes,

cabbages, beets, radishes, lettuce, tomatoes and even celery, not to mention various kinds of flowers. Needless to say, all this could be accomplished only with endless care and labor. Father Adam, who is chiefly responsible for this remarkable achievement, spends twelve to fourteen hours daily looking after things. With his expert knowledge of botany and the fact that they have twenty-four hours of sunlight daily for several weeks, he succeeds in accomplishing the impossible.

And so we start for the last lap of our journey, from Aklavik to Tuktoyaktuk, familiarly known as "Tuk." It is located on the shore of the Arctic about twenty-five miles east of the Mackenzie delta. Our course led us angle-wise across the delta so that we reached the ocean by the eastern branch of the great river. About fifty miles before reaching the ocean, we struck the Barren Lands. There is not a tree to be seen in this area and nothing grows on the flat tundra but moss and an infinite variety of tiny scentless flowers. We passed Reindeer Station, a federal government project intended to supply the Esquimaux with meat and domestic animals. The herd is said to number about fifteen thousand, and the "Station" consists of the homes of the ranger and his staff. They lend out herds of animals to the natives who are allowed to slaughter a certain number each year, and if possible, to train some of them for domestic use. They are required to keep the herd up to the original number and have to render an account of them to the ranger at stated intervals.

Within four miles of the ocean we ran aground on a sand-bar—the only mishap of the entire trip. It happened just opposite a radar station known as Kitty Gazuit, if I remember rightly, so that we had something to interest us while the crew were struggling to free the boat. The radar tower is six hundred feet high and has a maintenance crew in attendance. By the time we were clear of the sand-bar a wind had blown up, which necessitated a delay of several more hours before we dared venture forth. Finally we got under way and reached "Tuk" about ten in the morning.

The little Eskimo village with a population of some two hundred is situated on a bay, a mile or so in depth, which furnishes perfect protection from the Arctic storms. There is a Catholic mission and an Anglican, each consisting of church, residence and a single missionary. The rest of the village is made up of the Hudson Bay store, the barracks of the Northwest "Mounties," a wireless station and a cluster of huts and tents scattered about without any plan or design. The natives are well-built, able-bodied men and women of medium height and pleasant disposition, all dressed in parkas and wearing moccasins.

When we reached "Tuk" it was very warm, the thermometer registering eighty. However, about three in the afternoon a strong wind blew in from the north, and by six that evening the temperature had dropped to thirty-five. Having discharged our cargo, there was nothing further to detain us: so we lost no time in beginning our return trip.

There are several other items of interest regarding the missions of which I intended to say a word, but I find that I have already gone beyond the allotted

"Tuk" from the bay, showing Catholic mission on right and Snowbird on left.



space. I have said nothing about the various tribes of Indians, their customs and folk-lore, the Northern Lights as described by one who has witnessed their marvellous beauty north of the Circle, and the cataclysmic phenomenon of the break-up of the ice in spring. Nor have I space to dwell on the tales of superhuman endurance of some of the missionaries in the face of sickness, cold and starvation. Anyone can read for himself the story of the missionary who induced his Indian guide to remove all his toe-nails with pincers when, because of their condition, he found it impossible to walk. Anyone interested in such details will find *Mid Snow and Ice* by one of the missionaries, P. Duchaussois, O.M.I., very informative.

For information re Alumni Association dues see page 4.

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The Historic Shudder

By E. P. SCARLETT

I must begin by craving your indulgence. I am a physician, or more narrowly, that indefinite hybrid, an internist. Now according to Boswell, Dr. Johnson had "in general a very peculiar pleasure in the company of physicians." On the other hand Bernard Shaw once wrote: "Doctors are just like other Englishmen; most of them have no honour and no conscience." I can only hope that in this matter you are Johnsonian rather than Shavian.

The phrase "the historic shudder" is an invention of Gustave Flaubert. By the term he meant the sensation one gets when some event or condition of a past time is brought home to one with the vividness of present-day life. In reading some passages one suddenly has the sense of immediate experience. It is always an exhilarating reaction, it may even be a blinding experience. You find it seldom in formal history, but must usually look for it in out of the way places, notably in letters, diaries or a line or two of poetry. I believe that this very waywardness constitutes the best of all justifications for the practice of "browsing" through books and for haunting second-hand book-stores, a vice to which I hope you are all happily addicted. The historic shudder thus opens vistas and hints at the glories of the pilgrimage of man in this world from the time when he moved under the old ideal of the City of God down to the present wilderness of destruction when once again he is struggling to establish himself through some form of embracing world government and so avoid chaos. It is surely against such an historical "back-drop" that we must view man today if the significance of his epic life on this planet is not to escape us.

* * * * *

Now for three examples of the historic shudder. The first is from a letter written by Thomas Betson, a wool merchant of the Staple while on a business trip to Calais, to his bethrothed, Katherine Ryche at Stonor in Oxfordshire. The year is 1476. Katherine is aged thirteen.

Be a good eater of your meat always, that ye may wax and grow fast to be a woman . . . and to greet well my horse and pray him to give you four of his years to help you withal. And I will at my coming home give him four of my years and four horse-loaves to make amends. Tell him that I prayed him so. . . . And Almighty Jesu make you a good woman and send you always good years and long to live in health and virtue to his pleasure. Written at Calais the first day of June, when every man was gone to his dinner, and the clock smote noon and all our household cried after me and bad me come down. "Come down to dinner at once!" and what answer I gave them ye know of old. (*Stonor Letters*, Camd. Soc. II.)

The Historic Shudder was first given by Dr E P Scarlett as an address to the Men's Faculty Club of the University of Alberta in the fall of 1950. At our request he was good enough to go back over his notes and put together the article we print in this issue. As many readers of *The New Trail* already know, Dr Scarlett is a busy physician in Calgary and a member of the Board of Governors of our university.

This is a delightful "flash-back"; after more than four centuries the figure of Thomas Betson answering the summons as "the clock smote noon" is still alive for us.

The second example is from Tudor England. The reading of the Bible was first prohibited by Henry VIII except for those who occupied high offices in the state; a noble lady or gentlewoman might read it in "their garden or orchard" or other retired places; but men and women in the lower ranks were positively forbidden to read it or to have it read to them. Dr. Franklin in his *Life* records a singular anecdote during this strict prohibition in the time of the Catholic Queen Mary. His family had then embraced the Reformation.

They had an English Bible, and to conceal it the more securely, they conceived the project of fastening it open with packthreads across the leaves, on the inside of the lid of a close-stool. When my great-grandfather wished to read to his family he reversed the lid of the close-stool upon his knees, and passed the leaves from one side to the other, which were held down on each by the packthread. . . . One of the children was stationed at the door to give notice if he saw an officer of the Spiritual Court make his appearance; in that case the lid was restored to its place, with the Bible concealed under it as before.

The third instance of the historic shudder was set down over sixteen hundred years ago. One of the most moving fragments dealing with the theme of married love and happiness, it was written by a Roman consul, Ausonius (310-395 A.D.).

Uxor, vivamus ut viximus, et teneamus
 • nomina quae primo sumpsimus in thalamo;
 nec fera ulla dies, ut commutemur in aevo,
 quin tibi sim juvenis tuque puella mihi.

This has been happily translated in part as follows:

Love, let us live as we have lived, nor lose
 The little names that were the first night's grace,
 And never comes the day that sees us old,
 I still your lad, and you my little lass.

His wife died when she was still "the little lass" that he had thought to find her in his old age. In a letter written thirty-six years later, he says that the house is still empty about him.

* * * * *

I am tempted to think that we might enlarge our view of the historic shudder. It may be that things such as this in a flash take us beyond the prosaic world of reality in which we are imprisoned and give us a glimpse of the greater reality.

Turn but a stone, and start a wing!

After all a man's view of an incident is one with his view of the contemporary world, and his view of the contemporary world is one with his view of Time. In this universe in which we find ourselves, there is so much outside the little custom-built area in which we have locked ourselves. This greater reality is incredible whether we see it through the eyes of science or mysticism or religious faith. It can be hinted at in poetry which is our best divining rod—"Poetry is the

language in which man explores his own amazement." But we are still left with the mystery; in this manner we cannot live by Freud or Einstein alone. If in this way we raise the historic shudder to a higher dimension, it may serve to point up history as a poetic drama or epic—Trevelyan's idea of history. It may enlarge one's perspective and give one a more humble understanding of life. It may clear for an instant the mirror in which we see darkly. It may illuminate the human drama revealing, as Mr. Christopher Fry has remarked, that tragedy is the demonstration of the human dilemma, comedy the comment on the human dilemma, and laughter a great mystery of the flesh.

In my own experience instances of the historic shudder are closely linked with *serendipity*, Horace Walpole's blessed word to describe the experience of unexpectedly coming on something entrancing while engaged in looking for something else usually quite prosaic. One example will serve. Recently while going through the files of some of the early English magazines in search of medical items of the time, I came across the following letter in the *Monthly Magazine* of February 1798. It concerns "the great cham," Dr. Samuel Johnson, who had died in 1791.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*—February 1798.

Sir:

In the year 1783, I went in the stage coach from London to Salisbury. Upon entering it, I perceived three gentlemen, one of whom strongly attracted my notice. He was a corpulent man with a book in his hand, placed very near to his eyes. He had a large wig, which did not appear to have been combed for an age: his clothes were threadbare. On seating myself in the coach, he lifted up his eyes and directed them towards me; but in an instant they resumed their former employment. I was immediately struck with his resemblance to the print of Dr. Johnson, given as a frontispiece to the "Lives of the Poets", but how to gratify my curiosity I was at a loss. I thought from all I had heard of Dr. Johnson, that I should discover him if, by any means, I could engage him in conversation. The gentleman by the side of him remarked, "I wonder, Sir, that you can read in a coach which travels so swiftly; it would make my head ache." "Aye Sir", replied he, "books make some people's head ache". This appeared to me Johnsonian. I knew several persons with whom Doctor Johnson was well acquainted: this was another mode of trying how far my conjecture was right. "Do you know Miss Hannah More, Sir?" "Well Sir, the best of all the female versifiers". This phraseology confirmed my former opinion. We now reached Hounslow, and were served with our breakfast. Having found that none of my travelling companions knew this gentleman, I plainly put the question, "May I take the liberty, Sir, to enquire whether you be not Dr. Johnson?" "The same, Sir". "I am happy", I replied, "to congratulate the learned world, that Dr. Johnson, whom the papers lately announced to be dangerously indisposed, is re-established in his health". "The civillest young man I ever met with in all my life", was his answer. From that moment he became very gracious towards me. I was then preparing to go abroad, and I imagined that I could derive some useful information from a character so eminent for learning. "What book of travels, Sir, would you advise me to read, previously to my setting off upon a tour to France and Italy?" "Why, Sir, as to France, I know no book worth a groat; and as to Italy, Baretti paints the fair side and Sharp the foul; the truth, perhaps, lies between the two". Every step which brought us near to Salisbury increased my pain, at the thought of leaving so interesting a fellow traveller. I observed that at dinner he contented himself with water as his beverage. I asked "Whether he had ever tasted

bumbo, a West-Indian potation which is neither more nor less than very strong punch". "No, Sir", said he. I made some. He tasted; and declared that if he ever drank anything else than water, it would be bumbo. When the sad moment of separation, at Salisbury, arrived, "Sir," said he, "let me see you in London upon your return to your native country. I am sorry that we must part. I have always looked upon it as the worst condition of man's destiny, that persons are so often torn asunder, just as they become happy in each other's society."

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you may think this little narrative worthy of a place in your excellent Repository. Although many writers have detailed the private life of Dr. Johnson, so that his character is completely understood, yet every little anecdote, hitherto unpublished, respecting such a prodigy of literature cannot, I should suppose, be altogether uninteresting.

I remain, Sir, Yours,

HF

There is the great Doctor to the life, seen through the eyes of a contemporary in comment not unworthy of Boswell himself.

Max Beerbohm once said. "There is always something rather absurd about the past." But in most instances it is a very human and endearing absurdity. Witness this passage from John Aubrey's *Brief Lives* (1680):

"He (Sir Walter Raleigh) took a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some formal persons were scandalised at, but I think 'twas well and properly done, to suit his spirits."

One of my favorite examples of the historic shudder is a passage too long for quotation here from Benjamin Robert Haydon's *Autobiography* (1853), the episode known as "The Immortal Evening." Haydon describes a dinner and evening's entertainment in his studio in the company of Charles Lamb, Keats, Wordsworth, Ritchie and Monkhouse. There was also present an unknown gentleman, a comptroller of stamps, who was such a stupid bore that Lamb took a candle and insisted on examining the poor fellow's "bumps". The group finally had to pull Lamb outside the room and appease the outraged comptroller. (Incidentally for those who know this passage it may be remarked that in *A Life of John Keats* by Dorothy Hewlett, recently published, there are extracts from Haydon's diary which give a different account of the famous evening from that of the *Autobiography*.)

Then there is the account of Mozart's meeting with Beethoven. The year was 1787 and Mozart's father, Leopold, had just died.

This was Wolfgang's frame of mind, this preoccupation with death and the remote and spiritual, when a young traveller was brought in to see him. The visitor was a pianist, already of reputation, and had come from Bonn to Vienna, a meeting with Mozart being one of his objectives. The youth's name was Ludwig van Beethoven. He was seventeen, though his broad, scowling face topped by a shock of wild brown hair looked much older. He was unhappy and nervous. Wolfgang asked him to play. Ludwig chose one of his host's concertos, and played well but with so little spirit that Wolfgang could not force himself to pay attention. He was even more restless than usual today, unable to sit in one place or keep his hands and feet still. He had been quietly visiting with Jacquin and several other friends when Beethoven's visit had interrupted them, and he had left them in the next room while

he went to hear the young man play. Beethoven noticed his distraction, and unwilling to leave without some better reaction, asked Wolfgang for a theme on which to improvise. Wolfgang rose and went to the clavier, listless and bored; Beethoven, even in the presence of an admired master, was sullen. How different each would have felt had Beethoven known that Mozart was grieving for his dying father, or Wolfgang known that his guest was wracked with despair for his mother, then lying on her deathbed! Beethoven took Wolfgang's theme and began to improvise. Then the abstracted little man sat up and listened. A torrent of astounding music filled the room, and the ugly pockmarked face above the keyboard was transformed. Wolfgang arose and went to the doorway where Jacquin and the others were grouped in silent astonishment. "Keep an eye on that young man", Wolfgang said, "He will make a noise in the world some day". (from *Mozart* by Marcia Davenport.)

In the year just past we celebrated the centenary of the birth of Robert Louis Stevenson whose life so completely fulfilled the old rune which is at the centre of the Scots character—"In my end is my beginning." In the following lines from a letter you have in a flash the real R. L. S. Stevenson is writing from Samoa to George Meredith, September 5th, 1893:

For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been rightly speaking since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpeting and the open air over my head.

* * * * *

You are now saying, particularly those of you who have been schooled in the discipline of history, "This man is a pure Romantic". I do not quite admit the charge. I confess that I have not achieved a satisfying philosophy of history, but I have come to some conclusions in the matter. The first is that the so-called scientific school of history leaning heavily on historical relativism drives us into a pragmatic attitude toward truth that for me is undesirable and untenable. The second: the lesson of history is a lesson neither of cynicism nor of nihilism. There are enduring values independent of time and place. Hatred, cruelty, intolerance, indifference are evil; love, kindness, tolerance, forgiveness, honesty are good. These it seems to me may be deduced from history without the assurance of any religious authority. The third: the material which the historian has to observe is in the last analysis neither the individual nor the institution, but the relationship between the two. And finally: in the face of history the logical attitude for me as an individual is one of humility, pity and reverence for life. The great words of John Bradford hold true here: "There, but for the grace of God, go I". History is thus a school for *virtue* in the grand classical sense of that word.

I realize that my remarks are following the familiar pattern of today—re-working the past, painfully evident in the deluge of anthologies, biographies, and

academic and popular studies of the most remote corners of history. At a time when creative writing and thinking are at a low ebb and when the prevailing note is one of disintegration, it is inevitable I suppose that man should busy himself with time past and draw heavily on what the genius of the past has created for him. Certainly in this matter as individuals I suggest that each of us may well develop two sides in thought and practice. In the one we go into the sanctuary of the past to renew our contact with beauty and truth, and here the world of books and art and music serve us in proportion as we submit ourselves to their disciplines. On the other side we immerse ourselves in life and for at least short seasons rely upon ourselves for our imaginative experience. The balance between the two may be heightened by remembering that books are a kind of shorthand for multiplying experience and that there is singular value in occasional periods of fasting from literature. It is a difficult ideal to achieve, much more so than today when, as Aldous Huxley has said, we are tortured metaphysicists without our John Donne. But it serves to keep us human, at once humble and proud, working within our limits and yet transcending them.

* * * * *

One other fanciful example of the historic shudder. Sir Thomas Browne, physician-writer, he of the "lordly Latinities", though born in Cheapside, London (1605), practised medicine in the old city of Norwich and became probably its most famous citizen. His house near the church of St. Peter Mancroft where he is buried has long since disappeared, but there is a tablet at the site—Number 12, Orford Place, and hard by in the square there is a fine monument to the old doctor showing him gazing at a broken funeral urn which he holds in his hand. It seems that in 1929 a curious error appeared in Kelly's *Directory of Norwich* in which through a misreading of the Orford Place tablet, Sir Thomas Browne was listed as a living and practising physician. The entry in the directory read: "Browne, Thomas, M.D., 12 Orford Place".

It is not hard to imagine that in 1929, in a house not too far from Orford Place a woman is suddenly taken ill. Her frantic husband grabs for the directory to look for a physician. There is no telephone, but the nearest doctor is a man named Browne. The husband rushes out into the darkened streets and in a few moments is standing before the tablet in Orford Place. He reads: Thomas Browne, D.D. He plunges his thumb into the bell—and gets him! Sir Thomas appears to go on a call!

* * * * *

I should not like to leave this subject of the historic shudder without this final comment. We must not be too "hot for certainties in this our life". It is probably as well that the felicities and the great moments which are granted to us in this world are fleeting glimpses. The reality if we saw it steadily and whole might be more than we could bear. And one may add this—the reality may well be better than the dream, but it is good, while we live the reality, to dream the dream.



The new Rutlandford Library, officially opened on May 15, 1951

The Rutherford Library

BY EDITH PARK

The new Rutherford Library is now completed and will be officially opened on May 15th. It is hoped that it will be ready for use by the coming summer session. We were fortunate indeed in being allowed to go over the building just prior to the moving day, and to say that we were vastly impressed would be putting it with all the Anglo-Saxon understatement possible.

Handsome as is the exterior of the new building, the interior, from the general decoration down to the minutest detail of finishing, is truly remarkable and should be a source of pride to all who have any connection with this university. Great credit is due to the architects of the building, Mathers and Haldenby of Toronto, and the Edmonton firm of Rule, Wynn and Rule, and to all others who were responsible for its erection, but we would like to give a very special word of praise to Miss Sherlock and Mr. Glyde who planned the interior. The choice of woodwork, panelling and flooring materials and the truly marvellous use of color is something we do not think could be surpassed in any building we have seen.

To those of us for whom the library was a simple matter of some dozen or so tables, one desk, and a crowded basement stack, the new library, with its many reading rooms, delivery room, periodical room and so forth, is, to say the least, bewildering. To give readers as clear a picture as possible it would perhaps be best to describe it floor by floor.

The main door leads through the entrance foyer into the main hall. Both the foyer and hall are finished in polished Tyndall stone and the floor is gleaming terrazzo, all in a warm buff tone. The only furnishings in the hall are a number of oak benches and glass display cases to be used for rare books and museum articles. On the main floor, besides coat rooms and staff work rooms, are the reserve reading room, the Weir Memorial Law Library and the medical sciences reading room. These rooms are all units in themselves, with their own offices and access to the stacks. The law library is distinctive in having dark woodwork and furniture, of solid and comfortable design, and mushroom-colored walls, which, we don't quite know why, seemed to us exactly in keeping for a law library. Both the medical sciences and the reserve reading rooms are finished in limed oak, as is the rest of the building. Turquoise walls and recessed fluorescent lighting combine with the light woodwork to give a pleasant, light and restful effect.

The staircases in the building are worthy of note, being finished in gleaming Italian marble with a polished brass stair rail. Downstairs in the basement is the applied science reading room for the use of the engineering and agriculture faculties, with their own stacks, delivery desk and full time reference service. To compensate for basement lighting, walls here are a warm sunny yellow. The extension library is also housed in the basement but has its own entrance at the side of the building. The basement also contains staff rooms, including comfortable lounges

and well-equipped kitchen. Something of an innovation is the smoking study room. Tables here are round and less formally arranged, permitting discussion and a freer atmosphere. A novel effect has been achieved in the furniture which is sturdily constructed of birch, limed in turquoise to blend with the turquoise walls and light knotty pine panelling.

Also in the basement is a large projection room capable of seating one hundred people. This is for the use of classes which require moving pictures and is also to be used by the Extension Department to show documentaries and other outstanding films during the noon hour.

The majority of students using the building will mount the stairs to the second floor to reach the main delivery room. This is a large room, handsomely panelled in light oak, with a large oak desk extending in an arc, to facilitate the checking in and out of books. At one side is the main catalogue. Students may consult the catalogue while standing at convenient desks or seated in comfort at tables if they have many references to look up. References are then given to library attendants and speeded to the various stack levels by means of pneumatic tubes. Books are delivered to and from the stack by means of an electric elevator. To the left of the delivery desk is a browsing corner where current books will be displayed and comfortable red leather chairs will invite students to pause and catch up on their general reading.

The main reference reading room, reached through an archway from the delivery room, will accommodate two hundred and sixty-five readers. Two stories high, with oak panelling and walls of empire green, this is truly a magnificent room. The lighting comes from incandescent fixtures recessed in the coffered ceiling. The room is dominated by a large mural depicting scenes and incidents in the history of Alberta.

The mural is the gift of Professor Glyde of the Fine Arts Department. It is a composite work depicting the civilizing influences in the early life of the province and particularly of the Edmonton district around the period 1850-1870. The two dominant figures are those of the two great missionaries, Father Lacombe and Rev. John MacDougall. The latter is depicted holding a service in an Indian encampment. At his side is a "mountie," to indicate his co-operation with the forces of law and order. Father Lacombe is shown with raised crucifix in one of his many courageous attempts to pacify the warlike Indians. Another important figure is the famous Hudson's Bay factor, Rowan. Behind him are the York boats of the traders and in the background the inhabitants of Fort Edmonton coming down to the river to meet them. Lesser figures include trappers and traders and bands of Crees and Blackfeet. Three famous early churches are shown—the Morley church, the original MacDougall church and Father Lacombe's chapel, now at St. Albert, which was the first school. The painting is done in casein and demar varnish in a fresco technique, and we are told that it is the only mural of its kind in Alberta. Professor Glyde was assisted in his work by the staff of the Fine Arts Department. The mural is to be unveiled at the official opening.

To get back to the library itself, we should mention that the second floor also contains an up-to-date cataloguing room and order room, and the office of the chief librarian. On this floor, too, is the periodical room where all the current general periodicals will be available.

Of the rooms on the third floor, the music listening room is perhaps the most interesting. Here students may select recordings and have them played. The setting is perfect for informal listening. Comfortable loyalist maple furniture is upholstered in soft tones of coral, chartreuse and grey, the same colors being repeated in the drapes. If such inspired decorating is not essential to music appreciation it certainly leaves nothing undone to encourage it.

The third floor also contains a number of seminar, conference and typing rooms. A small art gallery and a museum for the display of the university's Indian collection, occupy one end. There is also a painting room for fine arts students who wish to copy prints of the great masters. Somewhere along here was a room for projecting or viewing microfilm or whatever you do with microfilm—by this time, we'll admit we were getting a bit hazy.

Not much can be said in describing empty stacks, except to say that there are six floors of them and that these provide about seventy carrells or study cubicles and study desks for more than forty readers—these are for the use of graduate and honor students and faculty, of course, and include typing cubicles where research students may tap away without disturbing others.

So far we have talked more about the decorating in the library than the books, chiefly because the books had not been moved when we were there. But if a library without its books is something of an anomaly—rather a pie without its filling—at least one could see that every possible device to facilitate the selection and availability of books has been embodied in this wonderful building. One small instance particularly took our fancy—it was the tilting of the lower shelves so that titles could be seen without stooping. Special shelves have been devised for the most convenient display of periodicals. A hundred and one little touches have been added to save time and work both for student and staff. Lighting is subdued and yet completely adequate; the use of color throughout cheerful, airy, yet never obtrusive.

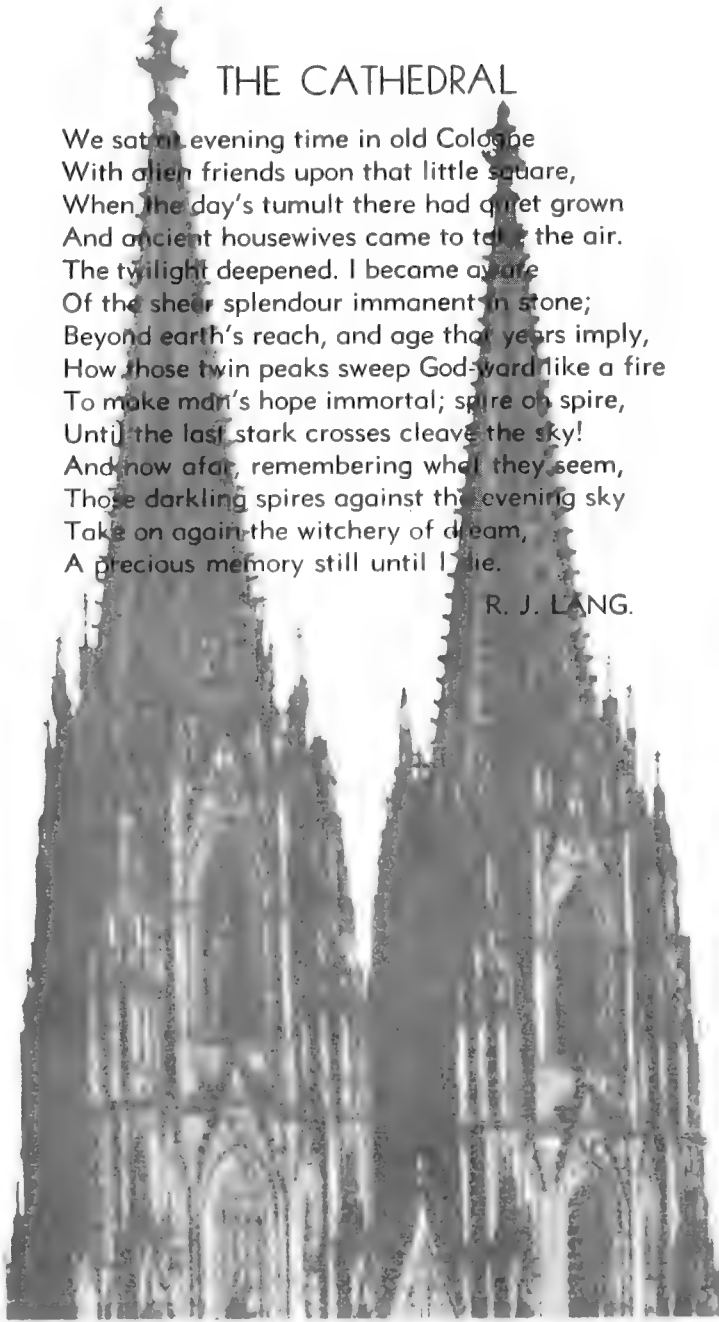
Whether the students who will enjoy these modern facilities will be better educated than we who can remember only the crowded tables, the creaky old book lift and the mouse traps in the stacks, we would not care to guess, but if they are not it will not be for lack of the most beautiful and most perfectly equipped library in the West.



THE CATHEDRAL

We sat in evening time in old Cologne
With alien friends upon that little square,
When the day's tumult there had quiet grown
And ancient housewives came to talk the air.
The twilight deepened. I became aware
Of the sheer splendour immanent in stone;
Beyond earth's reach, and age that years imply,
How those twin peaks sweep God-ward like a fire
To make man's hope immortal; spire on spire,
Until the last stark crosses cleave the sky!
And now afar, remembering what they seem,
Those darkling spires against the evening sky
Take on again the witchery of dream,
A precious memory still until I die.

R. J. LANG.





The Alumni Council 1951 (see next page)

—Photo by Moshansky

February 17, 1951

In spite of the usual February weather, influenza epidemic and general busyness of the late winter season an imposing array of councillors gathered in the conference room of the new Students' Union Building of the University of Alberta last February 17, to discuss the business affairs of our Alumni Association. In the accompanying photograph you will find them all lined up—reading from left to right (standing) they are: C. G. Youngs, Saskatoon; J. G. McIntosh, Victoria; Owen Hooper, president of class '51; Robb Wilson, Zone 5; Michael O'Byrne, president of the Students' Union; Bob Houlhan, Winnipeg; Rodney Pike, Edmonton; Dr. Frank Conroy, Medical Alumni Association; Morley Tanner, Lethbridge; and Dr. Wyatt, Medicine Hat. Seated and again from left to right are: Dr. Jack Chalmers, Zone 3; G. B. Taylor, honorary secretary; Miss Audrey Fysh, Nurses' Alumnae Association; J. C. Ken Madsen, new vice-president; Dr. A. C. McGugan, president; Mrs. Fred Heath, Toronto; J. W. E. Markle, secretary-treasurer; and Bob Bannerman, Calgary.

Other councillors unable to attend the sessions are Paul Thomas, Edmonton; Dr. Phil Kendal, Dental Alumni Association; I. Goresky, Smoky Lake-Thorhild; G. R. Sterling, 4A; and Dale Newcombe, editor-in-chief of *The Gateway*.

The morning session was largely devoted to routine reports. Here is that of the secretary-treasurer:

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA ALUMNI ASSOCIATION Edmonton, Alberta

Balance Sheet as at December 31, 1950

ASSETS

Deposit Accounts:

University of Alberta	\$2,144.97	
Postmaster	3.00	
		\$2,147.97

Trust Assets:

H. M. Tory Scholarship Endowment Fund:

Deposit Accounts:

University of Alberta	\$2,048.62	
National Trust	312.71	
Investments as per schedule	2,300.00	
		\$4,661.33
		<u>\$6,809.30</u>

THE NEW TRAIL

LIABILITIES

University of Alberta re publication of <i>New Trail</i>	\$ 900.00	
Surplus:		
Balance January 1, 1950	\$256.12	
Add: Prior year adjustment re furnish- ing fund expenses	667.18	
Excess of revenue over expendi- ture for the year	324.67	
		1,247.97
		\$2,147.97
Trust:		
Balance January 1, 1950	\$4,371.46	
Add: Life Memberships	125.00	
Interest and premiums earned	164.87	
		4,661.33
		<u>\$6,809.30</u>

Statement of Revenue and Expenditure

for the year ended December 31, 1950

Revenue:

Fees	\$1,530.25	
Less Life Membership transferred to H. M. Tory Scholarship Endowment Fund	125.00	
	\$1,405.25	
Surplus donated by Edmonton Branch	62.94	
		\$1,468.19

Expenditure:

Publication of the <i>New Trail</i> :		
Estimated Share of Cost for 1950	\$900.00	
Less Excess of 1949 Estimated Cost (\$1,700.00) over 1949 Actual Cost (\$1,412.66)	287.34	
		\$ 612.66
Annual Dinner:		
Dinner	\$450.00	
Flowers and Candles	16.80	
Stationery	23.76	
Honoraria	10.00	
		\$500.56

Deduct:		
Receipts from sale of tickets	\$357.54	
Less amount transferred to fees (104 graduates at 50c)	52.00	
		305.54
		\$ 195.02
General Expenses:		
Travelling	\$237.05	
Assistance to Students' Union in advertising new building	51.00	
American Alumni Council fee	31.60	
Honorarium, 1949 Audit	10.00	
Exchange and sundry	6.19	
		\$ 335.48
		1,143.52
Excess of Revenue over Expenditure for the year		\$ 324.67

Lunch hour in the cafeteria with the Board of Governors as hosts was a happy innovation this year. Councillors enjoyed a "close-up" of the new president of the University, Professor Andrew Stewart, and very much appreciated his address of welcome. In fact we heard many a one express the wish that the Board of Governors might meet again next year on the same day as the council of the alumni.

The afternoon session was long and spirited. Homecoming took up a deal of time. The council went on record as approving (a) more participation on the part of the alumni, (b) a holiday or long weekend for the celebration, (c) a sport event if possible and parade, (d) a sharing of costs between the Alumni Association and the Students' Union.

The council gave considerable heavy thought to the problem of creating interest in the Association. Chief suggestions were (a) that social activities should be stressed rather than mere fund raising, (b) that *The New Trail* be distributed occasionally free to groups of graduates who are not in good standing, (c) that personal contact be stressed by all alumni on all occasions, (d) that the branches undertake programmes geared to stress the needs and desires both of the members and of the University.

At one place in the proceedings Mr. O'Byrne proffered the thanks of the Students' Union for the \$7,000 cheque received from the Alumni Association—its initial donation toward the Furnishing Fund of the Union's new building.

The policies of *The New Trail* were reviewed at some length. Dr. Chalmers offered the suggestion that at least one issue a year be devoted to a unified theme

—say literature, oil, industry or education—and that advertising material of a suitable nature be obtained. Mr. McIntosh thought a proper legal form for the use of persons wishing to make bequests to the University might be included in the magazine's format. Mr. Wilson expressed the belief that an article dealing with the University's funds and foundations might create an interest in such matters.

The council decided to defer action on a suggestion from the auditor that the financial year of the Association be changed to coincide with that of the University.

The reports from the various branches were well received and indicated that these, if not all in a flourishing condition, are yet healthy and imbued with the will to live.

Nominations for the Executive Committee 1951 resulted in the following slate:

Honorary President	Dr. Fred G. McNally
Past President	Dr. W. H. Swift
President	Dr. A. C. McGugan
Vice-President	J. C. Ken Madsen
Honorary Secretary	G. B. Taylor
Executive members	Miss Audrey Fysh, Rodney Pike

A dinner in the cafeteria at 6:30 p.m. wound up the proceedings for a tired council. If one may judge by the gusto with which the various guests attacked their fowl and peas, all had had a full day and viewed the results with satisfaction.

So that was that. Another milestone in the history of the Alumni Association was passed, and here's hoping that 1951 will be a yet more successful year!

Files of the Edmonton Bulletin, Alberta's oldest newspaper until its cessation of publication last January, have been acquired by the University of Alberta for academic use, it was announced recently by University officials

Founded in 1880 by the late Frank Oliver, The Bulletin had published almost steadily since that time except for a brief interval in 1925. When the Edmonton Journal purchased the physical assets of the Edmonton Bulletin Limited in January, it acquired the bound files of the Bulletin. These it has presented to the University.

Invaluable as a source of early historical data of the Canadian Northwest, the Bulletin files will be used by students doing research in history, political economy, political science, and agriculture.

The files are now housed in the stacks of the new Rutherford Library on the University campus, and include copies of Bulletins published from 1895 to 1951. Previous editions of the paper were microfilmed about 18 months ago by the Canadian Library Association, which at that time decided to record photographically western newspapers of great historical value.

Books of Our Own

A Review of "Cloud Physics" by D. W. Perrie, University of Toronto Press.

L. H. NICHOLS

In these times when we see and hear a lot about the weather viewed through official rose-coloured glasses, it is reassuring to come upon a book, written by a Canadian meteorologist and a graduate of the University of Alberta, which treats facts in an objective manner. Amongst the many subjects for investigation in meteorology at present none is perhaps more controversial than accounting for heavy continuous rain. Since "clouds" are a visible part of this process a monograph on clouds is of great interest.

We are given an exceptional treat by Mr. Perrie. He not only delights the eye with his excellent cloud photographs (some of them taken by himself), but he stimulates the mind by putting before us all the information (available at the time of writing) on cloud formation and theories of precipitation. His recapitulation and commentary should be very helpful to all interested in these topics.

It is true that in the discussion of cloud forms and their classification he is tempted to increase the already numerous qualifying conditions for members of a class, blurring the boundaries, yet such a tendency is almost inevitable during a time of flux and upheaval in a subject.

One particular class of cloud, very striking and of which there is an excellent photograph, is the mammillatory type. Views differ as to its causes. These clouds are of relatively frequent occurrence in Alberta and seem to be associated with a layer of cool turbulent moist air far aloft and dry warm air beneath. Their appearance seems to fit in with a hypothesis that there are cells of vertical air currents; the "holes" occur where upward currents pierce the cloud layer and "pouches" are the portions of cool cloud descending. The pouches are drying up at the edges in contact with the upward warm currents and evaporate completely at a certain ceiling level owing to adiabatic warming. Humphreys, as quoted in the text, is not very informative.

The section on condensation nuclei has brought the results of recent work and speculations together in a clean manner. A very recent paper¹ indicates that the abundance of nuclei, called for, are at hand in the open air after all. The electron-microscope has come to the rescue.

In the matter of growth of raindrops (always a seductive topic) there seems to be a dilemma. Apart from the statement on p. 51, "In nimbostratus there is sufficient turbulence to sustain raindrops until they grow to fairly large sizes . . ." which assumes that nimbostratus has vertical development, but only suggested on p. 9, there is another opinion, p. 54, by Swinbank, who states that "coalescence of

¹Condensation in Nuclei under the Electron Microscope. Hosler, Am. Geophys. Union, Vol. 31, 5.

cloud droplets with drops falling through the cloud is unlikely". Reading these statements we seem to be left with the problem of how raindrops grow in the first stage, apart altogether from their growing still larger. Moreover now that it has been conclusively shown that heavy rain can occur in nature without any part of the cloud being below the freezing point² the layman might be pardoned for concluding that continuous heavy rain borders on the miraculous.

The chapter on Clouds in Relation to Forecasting is brief but highly significant. Any weather forecaster could obviate issuing occasional unrealistic forecasts by taking a stroll on the roof of the weather office after consulting his forecast map. He could then go down and make his deduction agree with what could be observed.

Mr. Perrie has summarized all the facts about clouds in a comprehensive and convenient set of charts and has also included a helpful glossary of technical terms and jargon for the uninitiated. Everything considered, this little book is an asset to the professional and amateur meteorologist alike as well as an attractive addition to the library table.

²Observations of rain from non-freezing clouds E J Smith, Quart Journ Roy Met Soc. Vol. 77, 331.



LOCAL RAG by Barbara Villy Cormack

J. W. E. M.

This is not a book review. I have always been a little dubious concerning the real value of that form of literary pronouncement. The surest way to send a book to the top of the best-seller list is to broadcast the news that decent people ought not to read it. On the other hand, so many books which have received the approval of the most responsible reviewers too often lag far down the list of successes. Then, too, I, more often than not, find myself in complete disagreement with the professional reviewers. So I prefer to call this effort an appreciation or a report. My purpose is merely to call the attention of the readers of *The New Trail* to the fact that one of our own graduates, Barbara Villy Cormack, has written a charming novel, which she calls *Local Rag* and which has been published by the Ryerson Press and is obtainable at \$3.25 a copy.

You know, the habits of people with books are quite extraordinary. I imagine that the average reviewer tosses off his bit of copy for the deadline with the feeling that now readers the world over are going to devour his stuff and rush off to the nearest bookseller and invest the required dollars and cents. I have no doubt that some do just that, but I think that the majority do nothing of the sort. They hurry off to the nearest lending library, or failing that to someone of their acquaintance who has been improvident enough to invest his good money in that certain book and who is expected to put it at once into circulation. I have had many an encounter with such "literary" people and they have taught me selfishness and

caution. I no longer lend my cherished books, and I shall not put my copy of *Local Rag* by Barbara Villy Cormack into circulation. Not even among my closest friends. You see, it has done something to me; renewed in me something I thought I had lost: made me just a little bit different, perhaps a bit better, and I am going to keep it right beside me. I am like that with books I like, and I do like *Local Rag*.

I want to tell you why.

It all began with the first glance at the book. Few publishers are so happy in the choice of a dust cover design. I know this may seem a trivial detail but please remember this is not a proper book review. I am merely talking about my own particular reaction, and I repeat, I had at the first glance an immediate and most pleasant feeling of remembrance. How often I have stubbed my toes on that bumpy old board walk in front of the Hungerford store in my own Crossroads. How often I have watched the lazy bluebottles buzzing in the hot window of the meat shop just down the street, as they hovered over the beef or pork or fat home-made sausages. I sniffed again in my nose the mentholated odor of the drug store where we used to buy everything from Babies' Own Tablets to bone china. And there was the office of the *Weekly News* with a discreet but rain-stained curtain providing a degree of privacy. In my little Crossroads we didn't call the weekly newspaper "The News", but I shall never forget how we used to shake our superior heads over the editor's stilted and clumsy editorials and then devour every word of the "local rag". Yes, it's a good send-off for a book to have a cover that stirs something in somebody.

And that feeling of old and dear remembrance persisted all the way through the book. For *Local Rag* is all about a little town which the author chooses to call Crossroads. It is supposedly located in the southern part of Alberta but for my part it could be in the east, west, north or south corner of anywhere. For the people you will meet there are the same folk with whom you have lived and are still living in the daily round of life. Some readers will call them plain: and that word will do as well as any other to describe good old Aunt Letty who wouldn't for the world let anyone suspect that at heart she was a sentimental old dear, or Dad King with his down-to-earth system of philosophy. Oh yes, if you mean by "plain" the sort of folk one meets every day; but if you mean "not complex" I fear you will be all wrong. I rather think that vein of iron in Margaret Hungerford, the illegitimate mother, and the Jacob parallel in good old Alec or the behaviour of Mrs. Chummy and Mother Evans in the face of their own particular tragedies would have provided plenty of scope for one of our modern psycho-analysts. Most readers will, I think, feel that they can match every paragraph, every person, every incident, every building in that little town. I myself had an overwhelming sense of sharing; a feeling as if I had gone back home again after a long absence and found the people I had loved and hated just as I had left them. Indeed, the whole book gave me that cosy thrill of satisfaction such as one feels when the stranger one has been rather nervously waiting to meet turns out to be an old and warm friend.

I leave to the professional reviewers the task of discussing the plot and the characters and the literary merit and all that. But I must mention one more thing that pleased me no end, and that is the utter unpretentiousness of Mrs. Cormack's style of writing. *She knows what to leave out* just as a good teacher knows what *not* to teach. And furthermore, she knows how to be intimate with her characters without being personal. She evidently does not believe, as so many of our modern writers do, that to draw a character one must strip him down to the bare bones, leaving him naked to the point of stark indecency without a shred of privacy.

All in all, *Local Rag* left me with a good taste in my mouth, or wherever my literary taste buds are located.

As soon as I finish this copy I am going to curl up in my own little corner, throw the afghan over my knees and read Mrs. Cormack's book all over again from cover to cover.



BANFF SCHOOL WINS H. M. TORY AWARD

The University of Alberta Banff School of Fine Arts has been awarded the Henry Marshall Tory Award for outstanding service to the Canadian community in the field of Adult Education, according to word received by the University.

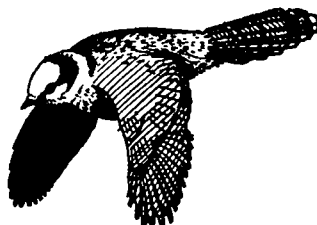
The award, sponsored by the Canadian Association for Adult Education, was established three years ago. Presentation this year was made by Dr. C. E. Phillips, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Association, and received on behalf of the School by Mr. Charles F. Comfort, Associate Professor in the Department of Art and Archaeology of the University of Toronto and instructor at the Banff School in recent summer art courses.

In his remarks, Dr. Phillips paid tribute to the great contribution of the Banff School to the development of the Fine Arts throughout Canada, and referred particularly to the work of the Director, Mr. Donald Cameron, over the past fifteen years.

Also honoured at the dinner attending the meeting was Dr. E. A. Corbett, former Director of Extension at the University of Alberta, and now retiring after long service as Director of the Canadian Association of Adult Education.

Dr. J. Roby Kidd, who replaces Dr. Corbett as Director of the C. A. A. E., announced that the H. M. Tory Award this year would take the form of a painting which will be forwarded to the Banff School shortly.

Whiskeyjack . .



Whiskeyjack has a rather tough worm to chew on:

"President Stewart stated that there are fewer scholarships available in Canada than in any other English-speaking country. Basing his statements on 1948-49 figures, he said that only eight percent of Canadian students were attending university on scholarships, while in Great Britain the figure was 74 percent and in Australia 58 percent"—and fees are going up.

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"There are fewer scholarships available in Canada than in any other English-speaking country. Only eight percent of Canadian students attend university on scholarships, while in Great Britain the figure is 74 percent and in Australia 58 percent—AND FEES ARE GOING UP."

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"Only eight percent of Canadian students attend university on scholarships, while 74 percent of the students in Great Britain and 58 percent of those in Australia receive this help—AND FEES ARE GOING UP."

* * * * *

"Fees are going up—and only eight percent of the students in Canada are assisted by scholarships while 74 percent of those in Britain and 58 percent of those in Australia are scholarship winners."

* * * * *

In Britain 74 percent of the students in universities are enabled to attend by scholarships. In Australia, 58 percent. In Canada, 8 percent. AND FEES ARE GOING UP."

* * * * *

"So is the cost of living."

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"The fees and the cost of living are going up, but in Canada only eight percent of our students receive the help of scholarships—in Australia, 58 percent; in Great Britain, 74 percent. AND THE FEES ARE"

* * * * *

Leave it alone, Jack: that's not a worm—it's a piece of pure gristle.

N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscriptions.—Ed.



Have you sent your new address to the alumni office?

DEADLINES

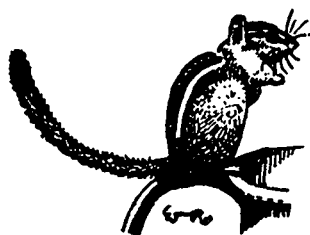
Will there be deadlines forever
 In this world of rush and speed?
 Always be deadlines that never
 With calm action can proceed?

Will there be deadlines in heaven,
 Or the other place, forsooth?
 How we rush six days in seven!
 On the Seventh, SPEED, in truth!

Will there be deadlines forever
 That we always have to meet?
 Dash to work, it's now or never,
 Diverse projects to complete!
 Lectures, too, must meet the deadline
 With their themes and theses clear;
 Church and social whirls design
 Deadly deadlines—sometimes drear!

When it's time to meet Life's deadline
 Grant us then this final prayer:
 In that Spirit World benign,
 Let there be no deadlines there!

—MYRTLE P. HARTROFT.



the chipmunk

One of the events of the University year to which we have come to look forward is the annual concert of the Mixed Chorus. The programme this year was a little different, being made up largely of English folk songs with a sprinkling of sea chanties and spirituals. The performance was as lively as it was polished, revealing again the fine singing and excellent direction we have learned to expect from the chorus. Having sincerely said that we enjoyed it, may we be forgiven for expressing our personal disappointment that the programme did not include more of the larger liturgical and oratorical works with which the chorus has thrilled us in other years?

In addition to the usual concerts in Calgary and Lethbridge the chorus is to be heard this spring in other Alberta centres: Blairmore, Medicine Hat, Red Deer, High River, Brooks, Drumheller and Banff.

The annual concert of the University Symphony Orchestra, held the week following that of the chorus, was also highly enjoyable. This promising organization is rapidly establishing itself in much the same way that the chorus has done and deserves to be equally well known. It is a pity that the shortness of the academic year does not permit more ambitious use of the talent of these two organizations.

The Studio Theatre has just completed a busy and successful season with a fine performance of Shakespeare's **Macbeth**. The two principals, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, were played by Professor Robert Orchard and Beverly Wilson. The cast also included Eric Candy, Allen Hood, several high school students and a number of children alternated in the parts of the Macduff children. Seats have been sold out for almost every performance. Four special performances were given for the benefit of high school students from district centres such

as Vegreville, Thorhild and Radway. On April 28th the company took the complete production, cast, scenery, costumes and all, to Red Deer for matinee and evening performances in that city's new auditorium.

Since our last issue the theatre has staged, besides **Macbeth**, **Anna Christie** and a very successful production of the recent Broadway hit, **The Madwoman of Chaillot**. Plans are now being made for next season. A leaflet has been prepared asking for suggestions as to what plays should be produced and giving details of a subscription scheme whereby anyone interested in the work of the Studio Theatre may become subscribers for the season.

The Drama Society's spring presentation of **The Glass Menagerie** was distinguished as an experiment with "theatre in the round", a technique which is enjoying quite a vogue at the present time. The idea derives from the Greek and the Elizabethan theatres where the stage projected out into the audience, so that the actors could be viewed from three sides. It lends itself to the intimacy of smaller rooms and relatively smaller audiences. **The Glass Menagerie** was presented in one of the lounges of the Students' Union Building and proved very interesting both from the dramatic and the experimental point of view.

Former students of the late Dean G. M. Smith will be interested to know that a considerable collection of books has been presented to the university, to be known as the Smith Memorial Library. After the Dean's death his students in History 5 suggested that a fund be raised to provide a suitable memorial. Former students and friends helped to raise a trust fund to be used to buy books on international affairs. In addition, the late Dean's heirs presented his own library to the university. These and the books purchased from the fund will be

placed in the library and distinguished by a special book plate. It is hoped also to have a picture of the late Dean placed in the history seminar room in the new library, with a memorial plaque.

Of interest to members of the class of '23 is a note regarding Dr. Harold E. Gray. Dr. Gray is head of the Stored Products Insect Investigation Unit of the Division of Entomology in the Dominion Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. The "Sherlock Holmes" of the Department, he is engaged in tracking down flour moths, spider beetles and other insects which infest stored grains and to educate industrialists and mill operators in proper sanitation and insect control. This work came to be of great importance during the war when grains shipped to our allies had to be free of infestation.

The Alberta Division of the Canadian Cancer Society has offered to provide \$150,000 for the construction of a new wing to be added to the present Medical Building at the University of Alberta for the purpose of housing experimental laboratories for basic research in problems connected with the study of cancer. Arrangements for the building were recently completed between the executive of the Cancer Society and the university administration following the annual meeting of the society in Calgary and a recent meeting of the University Board of Governors in Edmonton.

The provision of the facilities for research at the University of Alberta is in line with a recent decision of the Cancer Society to allocate funds for research in the various regional medical centres across the country rather than to concentrate the study in one place. Thus money raised by the Alberta Division of the Society will be used to develop a research centre in that province.

The new wing will be a one-storey structure projecting from the rear of the centre portion of the Medical Building and will accommodate laboratories, offices, and other facilities, replacing a temporary wooden structure now on the site.

The new building will be known as "The Dr. John S. McEachern Cancer Research Laboratory in the University of Alberta" and will commemorate the contribution made to cancer

research and treatment in Alberta by Dr. McEachern during his many years as a physician in Calgary.

Cost of the building is estimated at \$80,000 with the balance of \$70,000 being allocated for the purchase of equipment. Of the total of \$150,000 allocated to this project, \$50,000 has already been paid to the university and the balance will be made available within a maximum of two years.

Funds for the research to be carried on in the new building will come from such sources as the National Research Council, the Canadian Cancer Institute, and other research bodies. Members of the university administration and of the staff of the Faculty of Medicine have expressed their great appreciation of the efforts of the Alberta Division of the Canadian Cancer Society in stimulating and assisting research in the problem of cancer at the University of Alberta.

The 1951 Mud School will be held in the Department of Chemical and Petroleum Engineering, May 14th to 25th. The school offers instruction in the principles and practice of drilling fluid handling and control. The Department will also hold an Oil Treating School from May 7th to 18th, giving instruction in the field testing of crude oil and the principles of treating oil field emulsion.

The thirty-third annual Farm Young People's Week will be held June 5th to 13th. Courses in home economics and home nursing will be offered for the girls, and boys will hear lectures in various phases of agriculture. A varied programme of lectures on subjects of general interest, to farm boys and girls, films, outings and social gatherings is planned. Scholarships and prizes to the value of over \$300 will be awarded on the basis of examinations and contests held during the week.

The Banff School of Fine Arts will hold its nineteenth summer session from June 25th to August 18th. As in other years an excellent staff has been assembled from all over the continent. A number of new scholarships are available this year, details of which may be obtained from the Extension Department. In addition to these scholarships the Board of Governors recently gave final approval to the

awarding, through the Banff School, of three medals. They are to be known as The University of Alberta National Award in Letters, The University of Alberta National Award in Music, and The University of Alberta National Award in Painting and Related Arts. Purpose of the awards is to bring about a greater appreciation of the important part played by the fine arts in the national life of Canada.

Awards are to be made annually by a committee of three for each field consisting of one person nominated by the Governors of the University of Alberta and two persons nominated by the appropriate national organization, the university nominee to be the executive officer of the committee in each case. The field of letters will be represented by The Canadian Authors' Association, music by the Canadian Council of Musicians, and painting and related arts by the Canadian Arts Council. If, in any year, no suitable candidate appears, the award will not be made.

Presentation of the medals will ordinarily take place during the festival week of the Banff School of Fine Arts each summer, and will be made by the Chancellor, the Chairman of the Board of Governors, or the President of the University. This year, however, the award in letters is expected to be made at the annual meeting of the Canadian Authors' Association in Banff.

Medals will bear the name of the University of Alberta, the name of the award, and a suitable design on one side, with the other side providing space for the engraving of the name of the winner and the date of the award with the statement that it was presented at the Banff School of Fine Arts.

Announcement of details of regulations governing the basis and conditions of the award will be made later together with the names of the three panels of judges for the current year.

One of the problems in education apart from initiating our youngsters to grade schools is the continuing of education after matriculation. Judging from the response, Edmonton adults are enthusiastic about the Department of Extension's newly inaugurated series of night courses.

Ten courses were offered experimentally this year in music, French, interior decoration, child

psychology, art appreciation, world affairs, landscaping, economic problems and commercial law. Staffed almost entirely from among faculty members, these ten-week courses drew 750 people to the campus weekly.

Particular interest was shown in courses dealing with the home. High lights of the lectures which were illustrated and supplemented with films and printed material were the lively discussion periods.

Leadership in rural organizations is passing into the hands of native born Canadians. These young men and women have not the advantage of such a varied background of experience as their pioneer forebears, who were the first leaders in their communities.

To assist the younger leaders the university organized a short course in rural leadership last fall. This was held at the Banff School of Fine Arts, and generous help was forthcoming in planning, financing and instructing from the Alberta Wheat Pool, the United Grain Growers, the F U A, and the U F A Central Co-operative.

Instruction was given and the principles applied through practice in the conduct of public meetings, public speaking, planning the activities of a local group, publicity, and the requirements and obligations of leadership.

Those who attended the course already appear to be putting their training into practice; every participant has addressed one or more groups at home. A questionnaire circulated among the students brings out the fact that many have since accepted office in their local club. an unexpectedly large proportion have accepted the responsibility of contributing articles to their local newspapers. All feel they have gained confidence, endorse this type of course, and recommend its repetition for the benefit of others.

The Department of Extension offered two short courses this spring. A refresher course in sanitary inspection was held April 23rd to 27th and a short course for purchasing agents from March 12th to April 16th. The latter course was designed for purchasing agents and those engaged in procuring and buying commodities in bulk. Instructors were Professor J. D. Campbell, professor of accounting, Hu

Harries, economic consultant, and Dean W. F. Bowker of the Faculty of Law.

The Joseph Dolson Oliver Mothersill Memorial Scholarship for 1950-51 has been won by Michael Brian O'Byrne, former president of the Students' Union.

The award, valued at \$150, is made annually to a student "selected for outstanding contribution to student life in the university, especially through good citizenship and active support of student government". Members of the Students' Union cast votes for the candidate at the time of the elections in March each year, and the results of the voting are examined by a faculty committee established for the purpose.

The Mothersill Scholarship was established in 1918, the donors being Mr. Mothersill's widow, now Mrs. Alfred Chard, and Mr. Chard, to commemorate Mr. Mothersill's contribution to the establishment of student government at the University of Alberta. He graduated in arts in 1916 and in law following service in the R.C.A. in World War I. Mr. Mothersill was president of the University of Alberta Alumni in 1922 and in 1925 was president of the Chamber of Commerce in Edmonton where he was a member of the law firm of Mothersill and Dyde until shortly before his death in 1933.

This year's winner of the award, Mr. Michael O'Byrne, was born in Seattle, Washington, but received his early education in Edmonton. After two years of service in the Canadian Navy he entered the University where he will graduate this year in law. Mr. O'Byrne was active in student government as an undergraduate and in 1950 was elected president of the Students' Union, a post which he filled with distinction until his retirement last month, when he was succeeded by Peter Loughheed of Calgary.

Mr. O'Byrne is married with three children and now resides at 10822 70th Avenue, Edmonton.

Robert Buck, son of Mrs. F. J. Buck of 9244 116th Street, Edmonton, has been awarded a scholarship and a fellowship at the University of Cincinnati for the 1951-52 session. Mr. Buck graduated in honours classics from the University of Alberta in 1949 and received the degree of M.A. in 1950 from the University of Kentucky. Last year he was awarded a

graduate fellowship at the University of Cincinnati where he is proceeding to the degree of Ph.D. in classics. Word has just been received here of a further award of a fellowship for the coming academic session in the amount of \$1,000 to which has been added a scholarship providing remission of all tuition fees at Cincinnati University.

Another student in honours classics at the University of Alberta has just been awarded a graduate fellowship at the University of California. Miss Aphrodite Baracos, daughter of Mr. Constantin Baracos of Banff, Alberta, and a member of this year's graduating class at the University of Alberta, has just received word that she has been awarded the Dr. Benjamin P. Wall Memorial Scholarship in Classics, at the University of California, Berkeley. The scholarship provides \$850 for the successful candidate.

Five distinguished Canadians will be honoured by the University of Alberta this year in three Convocation ceremonies, two to be held in May and the third in October. The University Senate at a recent meeting approved the conferring of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on five men distinguished in the fields of education, business, letters, and public service.

On May 16 Dr. R. C. Wallace, principal of Queen's University and former president of the University of Alberta, will be honoured together with Dr. G. D. Stanley of Calgary. On May 17 Mr. F. G. Winspear, prominent Edmonton business man and president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, will receive the degree. The Fall Convocation, scheduled for October 20, will be the occasion for the awarding of honorary degrees to Mr. L. A. Thurber of Red Deer and Mr. F. G. Roe of Victoria, British Columbia.

Principal Wallace, born in Orkney, Scotland, and educated in the Universities of Edinburgh and Göttingen, has long been a leader in the field of higher education in Canada. From 1910 to 1928 he was a member of the staff of the University of Manitoba, where he held the position of professor of geology. In 1928 he came to the University of Alberta as president, succeeding Dr. H. M. Tory. In 1936 he left Alberta to become principal and vice-chancellor of Queen's University. (Principal

Wallace will deliver the Convocation address on May 16.)

Dr G D Stanley, born in Exeter, Ontario, graduated from the University of Toronto in 1901 and has long practised medicine in southern Alberta. From 1913 to 1921 Dr. Stanley was a member of the Provincial Legislature and from 1930 to 1935 he served as a member of Parliament. Dr Stanley has been a member of the Board of Governors of Mount Royal College in Calgary since its inception and has for many years held the chairmanship of the Board. From 1940 to 1945 he served as a member of the Board of Governors of the University. He was made a life member of the Canadian Medical Society in 1950.

Mr. F G Winspear, head of the Accounting firm of Winspear, Hamilton, Anderson & Co., of Edmonton, Vancouver, Calgary, and Grande Prairie, was born in Birmingham, England, but received his early education in Calgary. Mr. Winspear has served the University of Alberta in many capacities since he first joined the staff as instructor in accounting in 1930. During his tenure on the university staff he did much to organize the teaching of accounting and to establish the School of Commerce. In 1942 he was a member of the University Survey Committee set up to study the organization of the University's legislative and administrative bodies and to make recommendations to the Government for changes which were incorporated in the University Act of that year. Since his retirement as professor of accounting in 1949, Mr. Winspear has led a campaign to provide for the furnishings of the new Students' Union Building on the campus. Last fall he was elected to the presidency of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce. Mr Winspear will deliver the convocation address on May 17.

Mr. L. A. Thurber was born in Freeport, Nova Scotia, and after distinguished service with the Royal Canadian Regiment in the First World War he graduated from Acadia University in 1922. Since that time he has served as school principal, inspector, and superintendent of schools in a number of Alberta school divisions. In 1938 he organized the Berry Creek School Division near Hanna and later he helped organize the Acadia and Sullivan Lake Divisions. After moving to Red Deer in 1936 he organized the Rocky Mountain Division in 1937

and the Red Deer Division in 1939. In 1947 he organized the Composite School at Red Deer where he is still active.

Mr F G Roe was born in Sheffield, England, and came to Alberta, then part of the North West Territories, in 1894. At the age of eighteen he took up a homestead and in 1909 he joined the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway in Edmonton, retiring in 1943 after many years service as an engineer. Mr. Roe has long been a student of the history of Western Canada and has achieved high distinction in that field. He is the author of many learned articles on the early life on the great plains and has been a contributor to such journals as **Antiquity**, **Canadian Historical Review**, and **Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada**. His greatest interest has been in the North American buffalo and his book on that subject will be published shortly by the University of Toronto Press with the support of the Social Science Research Council of Canada. Mr. Roe now lives in Victoria, British Columbia. He will deliver the convocation address at the Fall Convocation.

Dr A G McCalla, Professor of Plant Science at the University of Alberta, was appointed to the post of Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture at a meeting of the Board of Governors held on Wednesday, April 11. He will succeed Dr. R. D. Sinclair, who died in September of last year.

Dr McCalla graduated from the University of Alberta in 1929 with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture and won his Master's degree there in 1931. Two years later he received the degree of Ph D from the University of California in the field of plant physiology. From 1932 to 1940 he served as Research Assistant for the Associate Committee on Grain Research of the National Research Council of Canada. In 1939-40 Dr. McCalla carried on advanced graduate study at the University of Upsala in Sweden in the field of protein chemistry.

In 1941 Dr McCalla was appointed Professor of Field Crops at the University of Alberta and assumed direction of the enlarged Department of Plant Science in 1944. Last year Dr McCalla was appointed to membership in the National Research Council of Canada, succeeding Dr. Robert Newton, former President

of the University, as the representative for Alberta on the Council.

Dr. McCalla is married with three children and lives at 11455 University Avenue, in Edmonton.

The Board of Governors at a meeting held on Wednesday, April 11, approved a number of appointments and promotions to take effect this year.

Dr. J. W. Macgregor, Professor of Pathology was appointed head of the department to succeed Dr. J. J. Ower, who will retire from that post in August of this year. Dr. Macgregor will also hold the post of Provincial Pathologist in the Provincial Laboratory of Public Health where he now serves as Assistant Pathologist.

Professor F. M. Salter, member of the English Department here since 1939, was promoted to the post of head of the Department succeeding Dr. R. K. Gordon, who retired last year.

Dr. H. B. Mayo was promoted to the rank of Professor of Political Science in the Department of Political Economy. Mr. E. J. Hanson, Assistant Professor of Political Economy, will act as Administrative Officer of the Department.

Mr. G. E. Myers, who has been on leave of absence since 1949 studying for the degree of Ph.D. at McGill University, was reinstated with the rank of Assistant Professor of Bacteriology. He will also serve as Assistant Bacteriologist in the Provincial Laboratory of Public Health.

* Promotions to the rank of Associate Professor include Dr. S. G. Davis in chemistry, Mr. R. S. Eaton in fine arts (music), Dr. R. G. H. Cormack in botany, Mr. A. M. Mardiros in philosophy, Dr. D. B. Scott in physics, Mr. L. G. Thomas in history, Mr. A. W. E. Erikson in physical education, Mr. J. W. Gregg in petroleum engineering, Mr. L. E. Gads in civil engineering, and Mr. B. T. Stephanson in agricultural engineering.

Promotions from the rank of lecturer to that of assistant professor were approved for Mr. D. D. Campbell in the Department of Extension, Mr. R. H. Knowles in plant science (horticulture), Dr. D. Spearman in psychology, and Dr. T. R. Clarke, Dr. R. H. Horner, and Dr. A. H. MacLennan, all three on the clinical staff of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology. In the same department Dr. Margaret M. Hutton and Dr. S. S. Parlee were promoted from the rank of instructor to that of lecturer. Other promotions to assistant professor include Mr. S. R. Sinclair in civil engineering, Mr. David Panar in mechanical engineering, and Miss Bertha M. Newton of the Faculty of Education (Calgary Branch).

The opening of the Rutherford Library and the resignation of certain members of the present library staff called for a number of new appointments. Mr. B. Peel, now of the library staff in the University of Saskatchewan, was appointed to the position of chief cataloguer, succeeding Miss Helen Farquharson, who resigned this year because of ill-health. Miss Melba Morrison and Mr. J. E. Dutton, both of Toronto, have been named library assistants in the reference and circulation departments. All three are graduates of the University of Toronto Library School. Miss Caroline B. Hicks, now a member of the staff of the Fraser Valley Regional Library of Abbotsford, B.C., and a graduate of the Library School of McGill University, will serve as cataloguing assistant. Miss Dorothy Ryder, a member of this year's graduating class of the McGill School, has been appointed assistant in the circulation department. Miss Marjorie A. Barlie, library assistant, has resigned as of June 30 this year, to take a position with the Cape Breton Regional Library.

In the Department of Anatomy, Dr. K. W. Ward has been appointed sessional demonstrator for eight months of the 1951-52 academic year. Dr. R. C. Harrison of Toronto will take up his duties as instructor in clinical surgery here on July 1 next.



For information re Alumni Association dues see page 4.

» » Alumni Notes « «

'19

Cecil T. Topp of 3848 West 16, Vancouver, is district supervisor of the Plants Products Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture in that city.

'21

Word received from **Rev. S. Bainbridge** in England tells us that he quite recently moved to Maryport in Cumberland County, and that he is finding life near the Lake District very pleasant

John Boyd is practising law in Calgary with office at 70 Union Building

'23

Elsie Mulholland of 143 Glengrove Avenue West, Toronto, writes that she has been on the staff of Weston Collegiate and Vocation School at Weston since 1924.

'24

H. E. Balfour is Director of School Administration here in Edmonton

Charles E. Ruddy is now organizer and general manager of Recco Ltd of North Bay, Ontario. They are bottlers and distributors of propane gas, and distributors of Cooler Refrigeration Equipment. Mr. Ruddy has three daughters and one son

Keith B. Tester, assistant manager of the Lihue Sugar Plantation Company in Hawaii since 1946, has succeeded Caleb E. S. Burns as manager of the company

'25

Mrs. J. E. Hurst, nee Agnes McFarland, is on the staff of the University of British Columbia

Robert B. Simmons, who is practising law in Edmonton, has his offices at 411 Alexandra Block.

'26

Marian Gimby, a teacher at Eastwood High School in Edmonton, was declared president of the Alberta Teachers' Association at its annual meeting.

'27

Engineer **Alexander F. McPherson** is employed with Canadian Westinghouse Company in Hamilton, Ontario.

'28

Max Wershof is now back in Ottawa with the Department of External Affairs after living in England for some time.

In a note from **Mrs. S. A. Morris**, nee Evelyn L. Shlain, she tells us that she married a McGill graduate in medicine, that she has two boys, and is living at 11956 Foxboro Drive, Los Angeles 49, California.

'30

Harold S. Hicks of Atikokan, Ontario, is with the Steep Rock Iron Mine Limited at Steep Rock, Ontario

Dr. J. Lyle Wyatt is chairman of the School Board at Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Mrs. O. Wooding, nee Margaret Sellhorn, lives at Redcliff, Alberta. She frequently does substitute teaching at Alexandra Composite High School in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

'32

R. W. Ryan of Vancouver was appointed vice-president of Canadian Pacific Airlines just recently. Mr. Ryan, who has been associated with the company since 1941 has been executive assistant to the president since 1949.

Edythe Souch teaches home economics at Alexandra Composite High School in Medicine Hat, Alberta

One busy alumna who took time out to write us a note is **Mrs. Gordon W. Nairn**, nee Evelyn I. Cooper. She is the personnel dietitian at Vancouver General Hospital, besides being the mother of two young sons

Dr. William C. Howells, who has been associated with McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited and Texaco Exploration Company since 1940, is now chief landman with the latter.

Harry J. Hargrave '32 and **Mrs. Hargrave '33**, nee Joan R. McElroy, live with their two daughters, Barbara and Lorna, in Lethbridge, where Mr. Hargrave is head of the Animal Husbandry Department of the Dominion Experimental Station

'34

Robert L. Hewitt is now in Bakersfield, California, as chief geologist with Trico Oil and Gas Company

'35

Alexander F. Buchanan '35 and **Mrs. Buchanan** and young son, Douglas Fraser, live at Cumberland, B.C., where Mr. Buchanan is chief of the Exploration Department of Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Limited.

William J. Sellhorn is assistant manager of Dominion Glass Works at Redcliff, Alberta. He resides in Medicine Hat. **Mrs. Sellhorn** '36, nee Ruth Sheldon, is the daughter of the late Dr. Sheldon.

'36

Group Captain M. P. Martyn of the R.C.A.F. and formerly of Ottawa, is now Air Staff Officer at North West Air Command in Edmonton. **Mrs. Martyn** '36 is the former Eva Johnson.

Plant engineer for Julius Kayser and Company Limited in Montreal, **Robert B. McRae**, lives at 516 A King Street West, Sherbrooke, P.Q.

'37

Dr. Stanley C. T. Clarke, now a member of the Faculty of Education at the University of Alberta, was previously on the staff of California State Polytechnic College.

R. E. Gaunce '37 and **Mrs. Gaunce** '36, nee Irene L. Barnett, live at 10950 80 Avenue, Edmonton. Mr. Gaunce has been appointed sales supervisor of Western Division of Ciba Company Limited.

Double honors have come to **Max Tofield Rogers** in his United States post. He has been accorded distinction in the field of atomic research and appointed by the United States Atomic Energy Commission to head a research project at Michigan State College. Further, Sigma Xi fraternity on the Michigan campus has given him its junior research award for the most outstanding research of the year at the college. The project Mr. Rogers will head includes the study of metals and their compounds by the use of radio-active tracers.

'38

Norma E. Freifield was elected president of the Edmonton branch of the Alberta Literary Association at its annual meeting. She succeeds **Blanche Giffen** '22.

Rev. George W. Spady is pastor of Memorial United Church at Medicine Hat and superin-

tendent of the church's rural work in that vicinity.

Charles E. Morris, admitted to the British Columbia bar in 1945, is now a partner in the firm of Sutton, Braidwood and Morris. The Morrises have two children.

'39

Thomas F. Rieger teaches at the Picture Butte High School in the Lethbridge School Division.

John K. McMillan, former sales engineer of Union Tractor in Calgary, is now president of Northwest Seismic Surveys Limited in that city.

Agriculturist **J. E. Hawker**, formerly instructor in botany and horticulture at the Vermilion School of Agriculture, has been named principal of the new agricultural school at Fairview, Alberta.

Alan Gunter is proprietor of the Gunter Construction Company at Medicine Hat.

Rev. Robert S. Christie was newly appointed assistant secretary for western Canada by the board of evangelism and social service of the United Church of Canada.

Brad Gunn received his Doctor of Philosophy degree in the spring of 1950 and is now doing research work at Suffield, Alberta.

Dr. Peter H. Koziak is taking a post graduate course in Ophthalmology in Toronto. He hopes to be back in the "good old West" in about two and a half years' time.

Dr. Matthew Davis is one of the associated physicians comprising the Medical Arts Clinic at Medicine Hat.

'40

Graduate in agriculture, **Alexander C. Paterson** is superintendent of the City of Edmonton Parks Department.

One of the top animal geneticists in Canada, **Dr. Elwood W. Stringam**, of the University of Manitoba, has been appointed professor in animal husbandry at the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph, Ontario.

'41

Maxine W. Bow is with the Victorian Order of Nurses in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Eric H. Smith is general insurance agent with Independent Insurance Exchange Limited in Edmonton, with offices in the Agency Building.

'42

William T. Cutt is the winner of the annual IODE book prize award for his novel "A Question". Mr Cutt is an instructor in the Provincial Correspondence Branch of the Department of Education, Edmonton.

Herbert T. Coutts recently received his doctor of philosophy degree and **Allan A. Dixon** '45 his master of science degree in dermatology and syphilology at the University of Minnesota.

Gordon Sissons is manager of the Medicine Hat Brick and Tile Company in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

'43

Dr. Victor Samuels, who has been on the staff of the Children's Memorial Hospital in Montreal has accepted an appointment to the pediatrics staff of Bellevue Hospital in New York. Following a year at Bellevue, Dr. Samuels will work at the John Hopkins University Hospital under Dr. Leo Kanner, chief of the Department of Child Psychology.

Arthur Filmer is at present instructing at the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario.

C. H. Templeton is with the Greater Winnipeg Dyking Board with offices at 221 Osborne Street, Winnipeg.

Henry Allergoth in addition to his job as teacher of dramatics at the Composite High School in Medicine Hat, is also the proprietor of Flath's store, amusement hall and boating headquarters at Elkwater Lake.

'44

Dr. Donald LaZerte '44 and **Mrs. LaZerte** '42 (nee Mary B. Mason) are living in St. Paul, Minnesota, where Don is with the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company. The LaZerte's had a new son, Wayne, last August 3, 1950.

We received a very newsy note from **Mrs. Robert B. Ferguson** (nee Margaret I. Warren) recently. She and her husband are in England, where Mr. Ferguson is doing research work at Cambridge University. She tells us they spent the last summer cycling in parts of England, Holland, Belgium and Ireland. It sounds to us extremely interesting.

'45

Dr. A. P. Hughes (nee Pauline Gould) has been on staff at the Provincial Mental Hospital in New Westminster for the past two years.

Robert R. Buckley is a captain with the Royal Canadian Army permanent force. At present he is Officer Commanding the Works Detachment of the Royal Canadian Army in Ottawa.

'46

Richard E. Harris of B. A. Oil Company has been transferred to Edmonton.

Eileen Kennedy, previously at Ottawa, is now statistician with the Department of Public Health in Edmonton.

'47

Marguerite Lambert has gone to Ann Arbor, Michigan, as a steroids chemist in the new Allergy Research Laboratory of the post graduate Internal Medicine Department of the Michigan University Hospital.

'48

Donald M. Shier is with the Exploration Department of the Stanolind Oil and Gas Company in Calgary.

'49

Donald Duff has been appointed public relations director at the Vancouver General Hospital. He was formerly on the editorial staff of the Vancouver Daily Province after returning from Columbus University in New York where he took his M.S. degree in journalism.

Elizabeth B. Walker last year graduated with a Bachelor of Library Science degree from McGill University and is now on the staff of the Vancouver Public Library.

Elizabeth A. Donald has been awarded a research fellowship in home economics at Washington State College.

On staff of the Alexandra Composite School in Medicine Hat are **J. K. Armstrong** '49 and **Watcil Bolick** '48.

Mr. John Weeks '49 and **Mrs. Weeks** '48 (nee Lucy Gainer) are living in Fargo, North Dakota, where Mr. Weeks is on the staff at North Dakota State College. Mr. Weeks was appointed assistant professor in electrical engineering.

Julie Hrapko is with the Plant Products Division of the Department of Agriculture in Ottawa as a microanalyst.

'50

Emily M. Spence, a 1950 graduate in honors chemistry, has been awarded a resident grad-

uate fellowship by Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, where she is studying for a master of arts degree.

Cecil Sangster is Vice-Principal of the Montreal Street School in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Dr. Albert Soklofsky has set up a practice in Medicine Hat, Alberta

Evelyn Macdonald has returned to Medicine Hat to resume her teaching in Elm Street Intermediate School after a term as exchange teacher in New Brunswick.

Lyle Flynn is articling with J. C. Miller, chartered accountant at Medicine Hat.

'51

Athlone fellowships for two years' study in Britain have been awarded to engineering students **G. W. Jull** and **W. J. DeCoursey**.

Michael B. O'Byrne, a 1951 graduate in law has been awarded the Joseph Dolson Oliver Mothersill Memorial Scholarship for his outstanding contribution to student life during his presidency of the Students' Union.

MARRIAGES

WALTER L. McNARY '51 to Myrtle M. Bond
FRANK S. SHERRIFF '50 to Patricia Cassidy
WILLIAM T. T. REIKIE '36 to **MARGARET E. KILGOUR** '38.
DR. LEO F. SPACKMAN '44 to Norma Jean Shearer
ARNOLD HENNIG '51 to Helen E. Bergmann
ALLAN G. NOREM '50 to Joyce G. Young
 Frank L. Bernstein to **SONIA M. SHEPTYCKI** '50
 Roy G. Chapman to **ALICE M. REA** '38

DEATHS

MRS. CLARENCE D. MOFFATT '27 (nee Dorothy Selfridge Young) on August 31, 1950, in Vancouver
HELEN EDITH MacMILLAN '37 on July 24, 1950.

BIRTHS

GADS: To **MR. LEONARD GADS** '39 and Mrs. Gads, a daughter on November 19, 1950
WISE: To Mr. F. F. Wise and **MRS. WISE** '41 (nee **CHRISTINE VAN DER MARK**) a daughter, Dorothy Maud, on November 3, 1950
SHORTLIFFE: To **DR. ERNIE SHORTLIFFE** '41 and **MRS. SHORTLIFFE**, a son, Delbert, in January, 1951.
NEILSON: To **DR. J. W. NEILSON** '41 and Mrs. Neilson, a son, John Arthur, on March 17, 1951
SANDEN: To **MR. E. J. SANDEN** '46 and Mrs. Sanden, a son, Thomas Andrew, on March 22, 1951.
TOOGOOD: To **DR. J. A. TOOGOOD** '41 and Mrs. Toogood, a son, Roger William, on March 27, 1951
GAIN: To **DR. E. A. GAIN** '40 and **MRS. GAIN** '35 (nee Effie D. Dunn), a son, Robert Howard, on March 26, 1951.
BELL: To **DR. R. EDWARD BELL** '42 and Mrs. Bell, a son, on April 2, 1951
RYAN: To **MR. AYLMEER A. RYAN** '39 and Mrs. Ryan, a daughter, Synthia Kathleen, on April 4, 1951
HARVIE: To **MR. DONALD S. HARVIE** '45 and **MRS. HARVIE** '44 (nee Mary Soper), a daughter, Dorothy Janet, on March 16, 1951.

NEWS from the branches

Medicine Hat

The combined social and business meeting at which President Stewart of the University of Alberta was the guest of honor came off as scheduled on February 6, at 8 15 p.m. Guests were received and introduced to the President by Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Souch and Dr. and Mrs. Lyle Wyatt.

A short business session resulted in the election of the following new officers: President, Dr. J. L. Wyatt; Vice-President, Mr. B. F. Souch, Secretary, Mrs. Isabelle Sissons; Treasurer, Miss Jessie Forsyth.

Then the President was introduced and spoke to the gathering. He stressed the importance of the alumni in relation to the University and told those present something about the staff, building plans, attendance and financial problems of the University.

After the President's address a delightful musical programme was provided by Miss Adele Havard and Mr. and Mrs. Pedersen, then lunch, served by the Westminster Church ladies.

We hear rumors of a garden party the Medicine Hatters are planning for the latter part of June. We have a pretty good idea where it is to take place and we can't think of a lovelier spot for it. This, we imagine, will wind up the alumni activities of this branch for the 1950-51 season and we think this group may feel very gratified with what it has accomplished. Good luck for 1951-52!

Montreal

We are happy to report that this branch is taking up the matter of dues with what looks like a definite purpose. It is pretty encouraging to receive cheques from branch treasurers with accompanying lists. They serve a double purpose—they help us immensely to keep our records straight and they help financially.

We hear that the Montreal graduates had a meeting during the later winter weeks, at which some photographs of the Alberta campus provided a source of considerable interest.

We hope to hear from you again soon, Montreal.

The Nurses' Alumnae Association

A quite full report from this thriving association is on hand. Nearly every month has some function to record rummage sales, lectures, telephone bridge, banquets, teas, dances, auction sales and draws. During the year 1950 only July and August were missed. These nurses seem to have formed the habit of being busy.

A new executive include Mrs. G. Bell, president, Mrs. H. Hole, vice-president, Miss S. Anhill, treasurer; Mrs. Kupchenko, recording secretary, and Miss Fodchuk, corresponding secretary. Besides these there is a social convener, Miss L. King; a membership convener, Miss Peggy Milner, a publicity committee, Mesdames Steele and Parkman, and a flower committee, Mrs. Payment and Miss Choate.

No wonder this association gets things done!

Edmonton

Strictly speaking, this does not belong in this column, but we do want to report that the Edmonton alumni are by no means neglectful of their university even if they haven't at the moment a branch.

Over three hundred of them came to a party at the new Students' Union Building on May 11 and had a good time. They danced and visited and seemed to enjoy themselves. The affair was sponsored by the General Alumni Association, and we were happy to hear our guests express their entire satisfaction.

We hear that there are now several alumni in Edmonton who feel that something ought to be done about reviving the branch organization. O.K. Edmonton, and lead on, Macduff!

Toronto

We have the following account of the goings-on of this thriving branch from Mrs. Isabel Stauffer, secretary until very recently.

"On March 17, 1951, approximately 89 couples, members of the Alberta Alumni Association, Toronto Branch, and their friends joined with the Universities of British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba in the annual Universities of Western Canada Dance held in

the Crystal Ballroom of the Royal York Hotel, Toronto. Prior to the dance an informal reception for the U. of A. members and their friends was held in Hall D, Convention Mezzanine Floor. Dr. L. Bradley was in charge of the Varsity Yell and Song, and the innovation of large green and gold pennants carried by the members on the dance floor during this part of the program received an enthusiastic ovation and greatly enhanced the Alberta showing at the dance.

"On Sunday, May 20, from 3.30 to 6.00 p.m., the Spring Reunion Tea was again held at Wymilwood, 84 Queen's Park. Mr. Fred Heath, the President, and Mrs. Heath received the guests, assisted by Dr. and Mrs. L. O. Bradley. Mrs. A. J. V. Lehman and Miss Mary Silverthorne poured tea assisted by servitors: Miss Anna Fanset, Mrs. A. W. Matthews, Mrs. Hugh Buchanan, Miss Nellie Salamandick and

Mrs. Isabel Stauffer. This function, attended by approximately forty-five members and friends, was convened by Mrs. Jessie Heath, assisted by Mrs. Isabel Stauffer.

"The following officers were elected for the 1951-52 term

Registrar—Mr. J. A. Tuck, 302 Bay Street, Toronto

President—Dr. L. O. Bradley, 90 Snowden Ave., Toronto.

Vice-President—Mr. Charles E. Stauffer, Weston, Ontario.

Secretary—Miss Nellie Salamandick, 191 Oakwood Ave., Toronto.

Treasurer—Mr. Clem King, 10 Adelaide Street, Toronto

Executive members at large are to be selected by the incoming executive "

Thanks, Mrs. Stauffer, for your splendid co-operation.

Have you sent your new address to the alumni office?

SPRING

Earth's life stream quickens—throbs—
Small roots begin to stir;
Dry seeds, that scattered lie,
Now yawn; and catkins purr.

Quivering branches wake their buds;
Grasses lift bright spears of green;
Twittering birds with restless wings,
Flutter gayly, chirp and preen.

Roots and seeds and grassy spears,
Sunshine, buds, and birds so gay
All contrive to help shy Spring
Carol now her roundelet.

—MYRTLE P. HARTROFT.

New Addresses

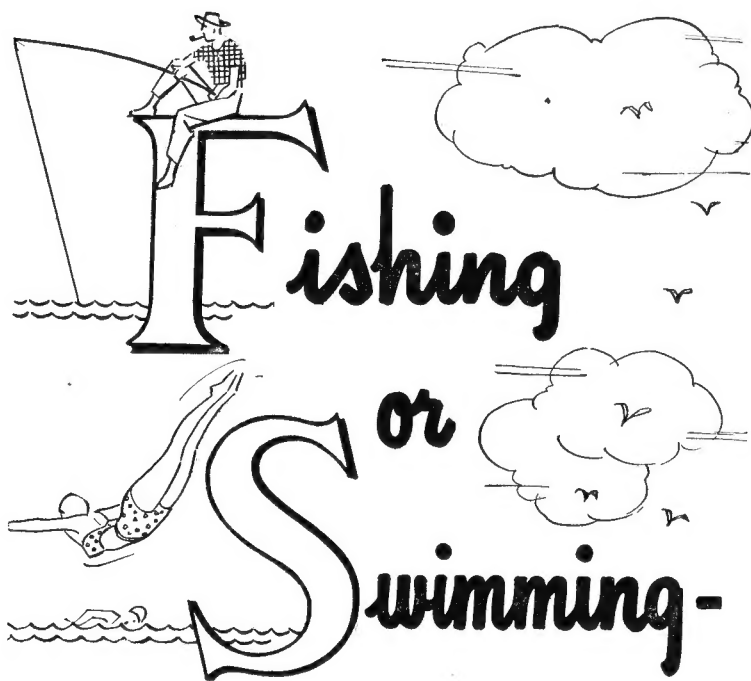
- LEES, Dr. J. M. '38, 11739 91 Avenue, Edmonton.
- LILLY Helen '48, 10733 Saskatchewan Drive, Edmonton.
- McEWEN, Dr. R. A. '39, 106 Forrest Avenue N.E., Atlanta, Georgia.
- MILNER, Emily M. '47, 10011 115 Street, Suite 4, Edmonton.
- OLSEN, Dr. A. A. '42, 11528 130 Street, Edmonton.
- SAMUEL, A. B. '43, 11023 132 Street, Edmonton.
- SMITH, David '40, 10945 90 Avenue, Edmonton.
- THORSEN, L. A. '39, 11811 93 Avenue, Edmonton.
- HARLOW, M. W. '14, 15 Grenville Avenue, Kitchener, Ontario.
- GUILD, Dorothy J. '46, 9715 106 Street, Edmonton.
- EVENSON, Mr. A. B. '31 and Mrs. Evenson (nee Marjorie Lundy) '30, 9715 106 Street, Edmonton.
- GOVIER, Dr. G. W. '45 and Mrs. Govier, 11815 93 Avenue, Edmonton.
- JOHNSON, Vernon '49, 10349 92 Street, Edmonton.
- TAYLOR, R. N. '48, 529 22 Avenue S.W., Calgary.
- LILLY, Mr. R. R. '50 and Mrs. Lilly (nee D. Margaret Taylor) '47, 11216 73 Avenue, Edmonton.
- ROOKWOOD, R. Maurice '49, 10954 82 Avenue, Edmonton.
- ROSE, Dyson '39, 21 Wolff Street, Ottawa, Ontario.
- OANCIA, Steve '50, 35 Dundurn Street N., Hamilton, Ontario.
- MORTIMER, Dr. D. C. '45 and Mrs. Mortimer (nee Mary K. Robertson) '47, Rideau View P.O., Ottawa, Ontario.
- HNATKO, Stephen I. '48, 341 Show Street, Toronto, Ontario.
- BERNARD, Mrs. G. W. '43 (nee Jessie Lind), 11647 77 Avenue, Edmonton.
- BUCK, Robert J. '49, Department of Classics, University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- WALKER, Mr. W. A. '46 and Mrs. Walker (nee Margaret Macleod) '43, 8215 31 Avenue N.E., Seattle 5, Wash.
- IRWIN, Fred P. '27, 176 Dinnick Crescent, Toronto 12, Ontario.
- UMBACH, Ronald H. '50, 3715 Centre B. Street N.W., Calgary.
- CASTING, R. '46, Science Service Division, Chemical Laboratories, Ottawa, Ontario.
- BARKWELL, Mrs. Stewart '41 (nee Betty L. Newman), 271 Waterloo Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
- KIDD, Dr. Edward G. '43, Ancker Hospital, St. Paul, Minnesota.
- TORRIE, Dr. Arthur M. '32, North Raynar Avenue, Joliet, Illinois.
- LAZARUK, William '47, New Salem, North Dakota.
- WARK, Robert Rodger '44, 12 Ross Road, Belmont, Massachusetts.
- LEWIS, Dr. John S. '43, Memorial Center, 444 East 68 St., New York 21.
- PORTEOUS, Mr. J. W. '28 and Mrs. Porteous (nee Alice Bulyea) '30, 9212 118 Street, Edmonton.
- STARK, Dr. William J. '40, 625 Fort Street, Victoria, B.C.
- MINER, Dr. Thelma S. '42, Box 58, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan.
- METZER, Arthur B. '48, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Department of Chemical Engineering, Cambridge 39, Mass.
- MINER, Sydney '44, Lynn, Massachusetts.
- CHAMBERS, Robert '37, 195 4 Street, Shawinigan Falls, P.Q.
- STEPHENSON, B. H. '49, 9343 81 Avenue, Edmonton.
- REDMAN, Donald, L. '41, 1623 15 Avenue W., Calgary.
- FILMER, Arthur J. '43, 162 Barrie Street, Kingston, Ontario.
- WALKER, Elizabeth '49, 2704 East 4 Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.
- KENNEDY, Eileen '46, 9922 90 Avenue, Edmonton.
- BUCKLEY, Captain Robert R. '45, 60 Mark Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

- MORRISON, Hugh W. '30, c/o CBC International Service, Montreal, P.Q.
- NEWHAM, Mrs. L. R. '29(nee Helen M. Carswell), Jarvie, Alberta.
- WILLIAMS, Mr. Harold E. '47 and Mrs. Williams (nee Margaret Marlatt) '50, 13 Clinton Road, Penarth, S. Wales.
- OBERHOLTZER, J. E. '39, 10980 75 Avenue, Edmonton.
- STUART, Dr. W. R. '37, 8718 117 Street, Edmonton.
- MITCHELL, Jack P. '42, University High School, Manual Training Department, Edmonton.
- MCDONALD, Mrs. Vincent G. '37 (nee Vera Richards), Home Economics Division, Department of Agriculture, Legislative Buildings, Edmonton.
- WATTS, Mr. and Mrs. A. '50, 1905 Mountain Crescent, Calgary.
- LOGAN, D. W. '50, 1012 8 Avenue W., Calgary.
- FORSTER, J. W. '44, Caixa Postal 26-B, Sao Paulo, Brazil.
- PRIESTLEY, Norman F. '16, 442 14 Avenue N.E., Calgary.
- KOZIAK, Dr. Peter H. '39, 548 Lawrence Avenue West, Toronto.
- SOLHEIM, Andrew H. '14, 920 East 19 Avenue, Vancouver.
- BROKOVSKI, John C. '15, 1810 5 Street W, Calgary.
- GEESON, John R. '15, Namao, Alberta.
- COULTER, Howard S. '17, 3660 Cambia Street, Vancouver, B.C.
- FORSTER, Ralph P. '20, 2500 Q Street N.W., Washington, D.C.
- BUTCHART, Elwood A. '24, 4476 Cartier Street, Vancouver, B.C.
- COLVILLE, Mrs. G. Nelson '32 (nee Eunice A. Voss), 26 Carpathia Crescent, Winnipeg.
- NAIRN, Mrs. Gordon W. '32 (nee Evelyn I. Cooper), 3514 West 16 Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.
- BOWDEN, Richard J. '38, Apartment 3, 3726 St. Catherine Road, Montreal, P.Q.
- McMILLAN, James '24, 2710 Marguerite Street, Calgary.

THY VICTORY

He is gone with the wind's outgoing
 At the storm's surcease when the sky's lost rim
 Breaks clear; one strong star showing
 Across wide waters a way for him.
 But these he loved, the trees and flowers,
 Stand dumb, unknowing; still toils the bee;
 And field and wood through the lonely hours
 Bring sadness to the heart of me.
 I too shall go as the light goes yonder
 Into the last forgotten deep;
 But men may come with hearts grown fonder
 Of love and beauty, and minds set free
 To seek life's fleetest mystery,
 And we shall not awake from sleep.

MYRTLE P. HARTROFT.



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